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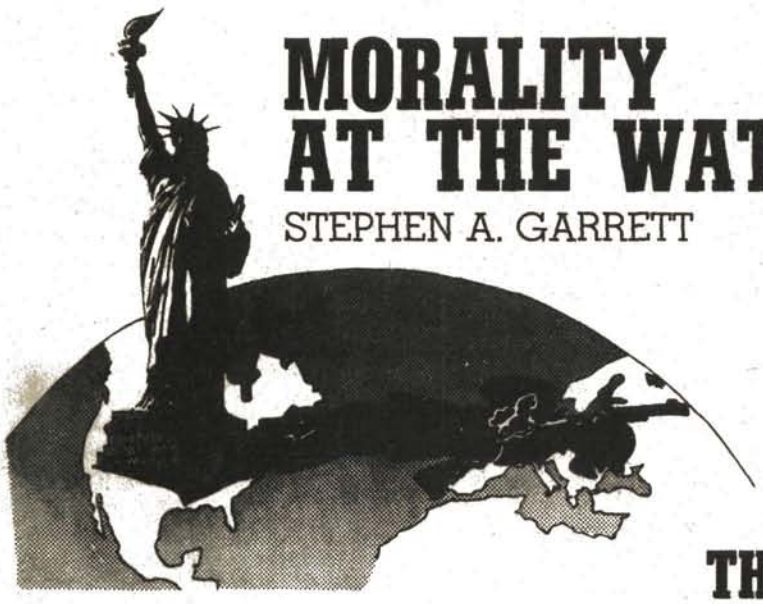

MORALITY AT THE WATER'S EDGE
STEPHEN A. GARRETT

THE CATHOLIC PRESS: IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE
SALVATORE J. ADAMO

THE ENTERTAINERS
FRANK GETLEIN

McBRIDE FOR ABEL
CHARLES OWEN RICE

ON THE ROAD TO DROGHEDA
JAMES GILHOOLEY

WINTER OF DISCONTENT
STEVEN PHILIP KRAMER

TIMELY SAINTS
ABIGAIL McCARTHY

ALSO: COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. GERALD WEALES, DOROTHY DOHEN, DAVID O'CONNELL, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN, RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, MICHAEL F. McCAULEY

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NEWS & VIEWS

Ego te non absolvo . . .

The Vatican Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith has rejected as "inappropriate" the convocation of a large gathering "for the primary purpose of giving general absolution."

The rejection was aimed directly at Bishop Carroll T. Dozier of Memphis, who administered general absolution at two Days of Reconciliation in that diocese. [*Commonweal*, 1/27/77]

The Vatican concern, ostensibly, is with possible "abuse" of the general absolution statute. In which case, the perfect refutation is offered by "A.T." (Aelred Tegels, O.S.B.) in the January *Worship*:

"Certainly some penitents who receive general absolution may fail to fulfill the condition of subsequently confessing grave sins. But our present discipline of private confession is subject to a similar abuse. Some penitents may not subsequently perform the penance or satisfaction imposed as a condition for absolution. If we are so concerned with precluding possible abuse in the case of general absolution, then perhaps we should reform our present discipline of private confession and require the performance of the prescribed penance before giving absolution."

Now let the unreconciled Vatican reconcile itself to that logic.

Nuclear Energy

Isn't it amazing the conversions some people undergo when they no longer have job to protect or post to maintain.

As head of the Environmental Protection Agency in the Ford administration, Russell E. Train could live not only with the 58 nuclear power plants in operation in the U.S., but also with a Ford policy that could have seen as many as 200 more by 1985.

Now, says Train, American energy policy should aim for "the phasing out and eventual elimination of all nuclear power." It is a view he never hinted at while in office, at least not publicly.

In a newsletter of the Conservation Foundation, Train is quoted as being bothered "by the [nuclear] waste management and plutonium safeguard problems, both nationally and internationally."

"I just don't see how it can be managed," he commented. "What I have come to see more and more is a technology increasingly out of control in the terms of the ability of human society to manage it."

This is precisely what conservationists were trying to tell him when he was in the Ford Cabinet. Except he wasn't hearing—or responding, when a response from him could have been most effective.

Abandoning Ship

The decision of *Christianity Today*, Protestant evangelical magazine, to quit Washington, D.C., for Wheaton, Ill., rattled editorial typewriters at the *Washington Post*.

Irritant was the comment that Washington was no place to be publishing a religious magazine because of its "polluted" moral and spiritual atmosphere.

Hold on, said the *Post*. What makes the people of *Christianity Today* think that small-town America is relatively sin-free? "We'd put Peyton Place up against Washington any old day in the moral pollution sweepstakes," said the *Post*'s editorialist, "or, if you want to get a little classier about it, Yoknapatawpha County or Winesburg, Ohio."

Then the peroration:

"It is, of course, true—we feel bound to tell you—that Wheaton, Ill., is a liquorless place, and no one would make that claim for the District of Columbia, unless he was out-of-his-head drunk. But even so, we think our town is a fit place to house committed Christian evangelists—providing them with just the right amount of inspiration. Of course, we already *have* lived here for some time, so perhaps you will just have to chalk up our boosterism to one of those deleterious things that can happen to people's attitudes in Washington."

Prison Families

The recent notices here about houses of hospitality in Sacramento, Calif., and Alderson, W. Va., for families and friends of prisoners at Folsom Prison and the Federal Correctional Institution for Women, respectively, have brought word about other groups similarly involved.

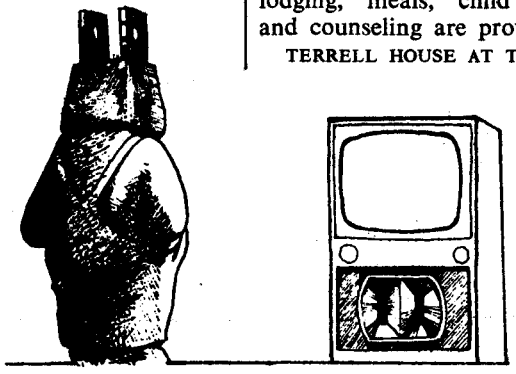
The groups and their services follow:

STEILACOOM SUPPORT HOUSE, 314 Champion St., P.O. Box 918, Steilacoom, Wash., 98388; creates a link between McNeil Island prisoners and their loved ones; lodging, meals, child care and counseling are provided.

TERRELL HOUSE AT TALLAHASSEE, 115 W. Call St., Tallahassee, Fla., 32301; helps inmates and families adjust to separation and prepare for eventual return to community.

QUAKER CENTER FOR PRISONER SUPPORT ACTIVITIES, 12024 Tulip Grove Dr., Bowie, Md., 20715; just getting started.

MOTHERS IN PRISON PROJECTS, c/o American Friends Service Committee, 407 S. Dearborn, St., Chicago, Ill., 60605; helps mothers in Cook County Jail.



McLean's/CPS/LNS

Odds and Ends

—The recent Vatican document on the priesthood denied the Roman collar to women, but — big breakthrough! — women can now go bare-headed in church. (And just when the 1977 winter and 63-degree thermostats were doing for the old discipline what no pastor's sermon ever did.) Said the Vatican document: ". . . the obligation imposed on women to wear a veil on the head [1 Cor. 11:2-16] no longer has a normative value."

—Suspended French Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, former superior general of the Holy Fathers, refuses to roll over and play dead. He announced at a traditionalist Latin Mass in Marseilles (attended by 2,000 supporters) that he will ordain 15 more priests in June at his right-wing seminary in Econe, Switzerland.

—Schocken Books has brought out *Victorian Murderesses*, the stories of 13 accused French and English women, who, says the author, were "in important ways . . . ordinary women who found extreme solutions to ordinary problems." The author: Mary Hartman. *Mary Hartman?*

Which returns an idea: Is there a second to the motion that the *New York Times* change the name of its Wednesday "Living Section" column "Private Lives" to "John Leonard, John Leonard."? JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Unwilling Hero

Sands Point, N.Y.

To the Editors: Congratulations to Father Phillip Mooney, S.J., for his sensitive "Lindbergh and the Quiet of Christmas" and to *Commonweal* for publishing it [Dec. 17]. It is long past the time when Charles A. Lindbergh should be appreciated as much more than superb airplane pilot, unwilling hero, topflight aeronautical planner, wartime flight engineer and combat pilot. He was a great deal more than that, an astonishingly well-rounded and simple man. ROY ALEXANDER

Shuster Tribute

Saxton's River, Vt.

To the Editors: In tributes to George N. Shuster which I have seen, only the *New York Times* spoke of his teaching at St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn during his years as Managing Editor of *Commonweal*. The fledgling diocesan day college, at that time "For Women" in capital letters, was originally in one and then in two Victorian mansions on once elegant Clinton Ave.

For students of the twenties, classes with Professor Shuster were valued and lasting experience. Class was always good humored, often delightfully witty and sometimes electric. Edward S. Skillin's recollections in *Commonweal* [Feb. 18] rightly called him an "encouraging mentor." As teacher, he recognized with gracious ease whatever creative spark students showed. He expanded our vision in many directions. Outside limits of bibliographies and assignments, his casual, poignant references to novels of Sigrid Undset, Wladyslaw Reymont and others of the day had us scuttling to libraries for new discovery, for adventure and high romance yes, but beyond, for wonder and pain of human conflict, for knowing the sheer ugliness of human injustice, for the sweep of social history

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS

The article in this issue by Msgr. Salvatore Adamo on the condition of the American Catholic Press appears almost simultaneously with stories in the general and religious press that Msgr. Adamo is being terminated by his bishop as editor of the *Catholic Star Herald,* newsweekly of the Diocese of Camden, N.J., a post Adamo has held with distinction for 15 years. There is no cause-effect relationship between this article and that firing. Msgr. Adamo is being fired for a series of journalistic actions—among them, the breaking of the Pallottine financial-shenanigans story a year before the daily papers were onto the news; and the energetic defense of a priest-editor in Fall River, Mass., who was first censored, then dismissed by his bishop. Later there was a disinclination to suppress word that the Diocese of Camden was peddling property at Atlantic City, the budding casino capital of the East, to legalized gambling interests. In a word, Adamo loses his job for being what the conscientious editor, religious or otherwise, should be: honest, forthright, uncompromising in journalistic integrity.

The fate of Msgr. Adamo makes a major point of his article almost redundant, for of itself it speaks reams about the controlled state of much of American Catholic journalism. Despite periodic papal pronouncements on the necessity of the Catholic press and the importance of its role in helping bring about an informed public opinion in the Church . . . despite annual Catholic Press Month statements from bishops and chanceries about the urgency of a vital and vibrant Catholic Press in the mission of the Church, the American Catholic Press by and large remains a vehicle hobbled by the fine print of the very papal pronouncements that urge it on and by the witlessness of American ecclesiastical leadership. The two in combination effectively reduce most of the Catholic Press, and certainly the majority of

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official publications, to the near status of house organs. This is particularly apparent in the case of diocesan newspapers.

It is a cliché that the freedom of the press is never fully won, and that it must be forever watched over and constantly re-energized. The truism of this is demonstrated time and again in the daily general press—as recently, in fact, as the *Washington Post*'s rejection of the oblique Carter White House attempt to quash a story about CIA payments to a Middle East monarch. The freedom challenge applies just as surely in religious journalism, except —unfortunately—the same journalistic sensitivities obviously do not come into play and the issue currently goes by the boards.

It wasn't always thus. In the 1950s and well into the 1960s, there were some spectacular exercises of freedom of the press in Catholic journalism. But these can now be classified as historical phenomena. If Msgr. Adamo's article, and our eyes, are to be believed, the official Catholic Press has settled comfortably back into its old obsequiousness.

The paradox is that it was all supposed to be so different by now. The laity who moved into the Catholic Press in such impressive numbers after World War II and through Vatican Council II were supposed to bring not only a new professionalism to the medium, but also a new openness. Indeed, so certain seemed the latter that observers were projecting as a problem of the future the job security of these lay editors committed to journalistic freedom. It appears to have been an idle concern. Msgr. Adamo speaks of a "loss of nerve" among editors, and about top talent being "cowed." He does not except the lay editor, who, he suggests, has been thoroughly institutionalized and has learned to survive all too well, thank you, in the woods of ecclesia.

To the extent that that judgment can be verified in terms of "witnesses" and "victims," Msgr. Adamo appears on solid ground. Of course there are editors, some of them laity, who are fighting the good fight, without great fanfare. At the same time, freedom-of-the-press issues have not noticeably caught up the lay editor, the one who was supposed to bring new dimensions of freedom. To the extent that anyone has been caught up, it has been, rather, the occasional priest-editor, the very one who was figured to be inhibited in the performance of his journalistic tasks because under a pledge of obedience to a bishop. It is a curious reversal of roles, and of expectations.

Putting it another way, it is a long trip back to the John O'Connors and the Donald Quinns, lay editors who thought principle important enough to lay their editorships on the line over it. Now it is the Msgr. Adamos and the Father Ed Byingtons, the editor who lost out in Fall River, who supply what lead there is. And they get fired. The tragedy of their fate is compounded by the fact that, once removed, their places are filled by bureaucratic types—often clerics with little or no experience in journalism, but possessed of that precious ecclesiastical virtue: understanding of the bishop's mind and an ability to think as the bishop does. The results are safe, inoffensive publications which, however bright and lively, are still unfree and managed. The purpose of the Adamo removal seems to indicate that this will be Camden's lot.

The added tragedy is that it is not only the Catholic Press as entity that suffers as a result of all this, but the Church itself. Father Karl Rahner's words of 1959 lose nothing of their pertinence in 1977: "If they [the ecclesiastical leadership] do not allow the people to speak their minds, do not, in more dignified language, encourage or even tolerate, with courage and forbearance and even a certain optimism free from anxiety, the growth of public opinion within the Church, they run the risk of directing her from a soundproof ivory tower, instead of straining their ears to catch the voice of God, which can also be audible within the clamor of the times. . . ."

This quotation would seem to put the burden of responsibility for a free and open Catholic Press on the bishops and their clerical command, but it does not excuse the editor, clerical or lay, from demanding, indeed fighting for the freedom and openness without which their job cannot be adequately done. Until they have the courage to make demands and to fight, the official Catholic Press taken as a whole cannot be other than as described by Msgr. Adamo.

WASHINGTON REPORT

THE ENTERTAINERS

It's professionally humiliating is what it is. E. Howard Hunt, the well-known burglar, got sprung from the pokey the other day and immediately flew to Boston to sign up with a lecture bureau. What's worse, Hunt has revealed that while tucked away he has become a painter and proposes now to gain his livelihood in part by the practice of that art. A day or two earlier, Henry Kissinger, the big bomber and bugger of the Nixon crowd, caused it to be made known that not only was he one of the big buck men in literature, on the basis

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of volumes still to be outlined, but that he had signed with NBC as a television entertainer for sums previously approached only by such fellow superstars as Sonny and Cher.

The thing about Sonny and Cher, no matter what you think and I don't think much of them myself, is that they are professionals. They do what they have always done, what they have worked at doing, what, within the rather strict limitations of their capabilities, they have at least tried to perfect. Kissinger and Hunt, in their new incarnations, are the rankest kind of amateurs. Hunt, to be sure, during his long career in the CIA, used to while away the idle hours between bag jobs and drainpine shinnies by grinding out spy thrillers, but that doesn't count: half the curates in the Church of England have always done that: it's like crocheting. Likewise, Kissinger, before he hit it big with Rocky, had published his later well-known piece of hagiography on Prince Metternich, but that doesn't count, either: when written, it was a punch in the ticket of academic advancement, had nothing at all to do with its writer's contemplated new professions as best-selling author and public entertainer.

Hunt and Kissinger are hardly the first, merely the latest, in a long line of failed Nixionians who have gone into literature and entertainment. John Dean, the engaging little sneak who arranged for his own lifeboat and then pulled the seacocks on the rest, was the first, may quite conceivably have conducted literary negotiations as one element in his decision to cop a plea and point the finger. The *capo di tutti capi* himself has equaled Kissinger's twinned achievement as blockbuster best-seller writer and television entertainer combined. It will be a pretty point and a show biz barometer as to whether top dog or toady makes out better in the ratings, the box office and consequently in total take. Check *Variety*, but meanwhile note that the most heartening evidence of the classical link between self-interest and the general welfare has been the extreme reluctance of American advertisers to have anything to do with the four-part special, two hours each, with which Nixon is starting his career in entertainment under the tutelage of David Frost. The majors—oil companies, for example—that usually grab the tab for public affairs shows and give them a very soft, often "informational" sell have unanimously turned down the chance for solo sponsorship of the series. What's more, at least at first, the one-shot spots weren't selling very fast among the nationals. There will be something appropriate, a sense of returning to beginnings, if the Dick and Dave Show ends up being sponsored by local used car dealers and in-and-out, one-time-only Pop record floggers. Tough on Dave, of course, but he did rush in where the nets had feared to tread and then, too, like so many before him, he has to grasp the cardinal rule for dealing with Nixon: Don't count on anything 'til the check has cleared the bank. And even then.

Not that the Show won't get the ratings. It will. But for once, perhaps the first time, American television advertisers are showing the sophistication to distinguish between brute, raw high numbers and the kind of atmosphere, texture, character, you want your product associated with. The ultimate irony will be if the commercial rejection of Richard M. Nixon opens the door to discrimination, intelligence and quality as optional balances against pure numerology in television.

Meanwhile, however, there is the depressing fact that all these clowns, totally innocent of experience and, as far as is known, of talent, are rushing into literature, the lecture platform and the television tube and scoring resounding success. In Dr. Johnson's day, patriotism may have been the last resort of scoundrels. In our own, super-patriotic scoundrels find their last resort in literature and entertainment. If you are a total failure as a crook or a sleazy politician, don't worry, you can always get a good job writing books or otherwise entertaining the public. What that tells us about those professions—my own, as it happens—is melancholy to say the most.

There ought to be some kind of turn-about-is-fair-play involved here. If all these crooks—incompetent crooks, at that—and their servants can have such easy access to our professions, why shouldn't we have the same to theirs?

Mary Tyler Moore, for example, is now retiring, or at least regrouping, after heading up the most popular and longest-running situation comedy in television history. Why shouldn't she become a successful crooked politician, perhaps following a crash course at San Clemente? She has, after all, exactly as much experience in crooked politics as Nixon has in popular entertainment. On the other hand, of course, Ms. Moore being known for her good taste and good humor, it may be that she is leaving television when she is precisely because she does not want to be associated with an industry that employs Nixon and Kissinger.

But there are others. If Nixon had had the imagination, for example, to have Balanchine do the original choreography, the Watergate break-in might still have ended the same way, but would have done so with style, class, pizzazz. If Norman Lear's factory had had the contract for the Watergate dialogue, instead of the duds who did, we'd at least have had more laughs than we did and quite likely have got a glimpse of the ambiguities of public morality as well. As it was, in all those days of arid, reluctant, inflated and self-serving testimony, only two laugh lines linger in the mind: Tony Ulasciewicz's professional contempt for the way the burglars bungled a fairly simple operation: "I can tell you this, I wouldna gone in there with no army," and the beautiful found-art quality of the burglar's appren-

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tice, who, squatting over his radio in Howard Johnson's, startled by Howard Hunt's return with the call to Fly at once, all is discovered, asked plaintively, "Does this mean I can't go to Miami?" Nice enough in themselves, both of them, but both so isolated, so accidental.

In such reflections, the professional can try to put a good face on this invasion of his craft by the criminals and political rejects. One feels like an independent dry cleaner, perhaps, watching the trade being taken over by the Mafia. Further consolation can be sought in the thought that Nixon and Kissinger always were entertainers anyhow: certainly Nixon's entire public career up until the presidency was concerned with the theatrical, not the substantive, aspects of political discourse; no less certainly, Kissinger's jollying up of the press, a form of club date entertainment, was his greatest service to his master, as was evident from the things the press got into when it was not kept sufficiently amused.

It doesn't wash, of course, it never does. Finally, the truth must be faced, however bitter. For those of us who have gained a moderate livelihood from writing, lecturing and performing for public entertainment—in my own case, all three—the situation is exactly that of The Old Theater Cat who complained to that imprudent pussy, "Mehitabel, both our professions are being ruined by amateurs."

Jack Levine, I think it was, finding his painting praised lavishly by some sawbones who claimed to have profited in his own weekend dabbling in oils by studying Levine and who rashly went on to inquire what Levine himself did for a hobby, Jack Levine said, "On Saturday, I like to do a little brain surgery." FRANK GETLEIN

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UNITED STEELWORKERS

McBRIDE FOR ABEL

"When I seen them old guys pushin' in to vote, I knew we was licked." It was February 9, only one day after the gigantic United Steelworkers of America had conducted a nationwide election for its top officers; as yet there was a mere trickle of results, but my friend, a rabid supporter of Ed Sadlowski the challenger, had heard enough to reach his melancholy conclusion. Later he called again to say that his gloom was fully justified.

Sadlowski's slate had to win big in the basic steel locals of the Northeast and Midwest if it were to carry the referendum, but he noted that it was just scraping through. Everyone recognized the virtual certainty that Canada and the South would turn in overwhelmingly for the administration slate; eventually they did and that was that.

Only 600,000 voted and that was considerably less than half of the eligible. The small turnout meant that the unemployed did not come out to vote, which hurt the challengers. When there is unemployment in a unionized facility, the proportion of older men working rises dramatically. The old favor the status quo and are cool to challengers.

Accepting all of the administration's figures, its slate won by upwards of 80,000; if you threw out all the doubtful votes it still has a solid margin.

This was a long and bitter election campaign and wounds do not appear to be healing. The result will repay study because of what it reveals about American trade unionism and the mentality of the working force. It was a classic and possibly the last of its kind. There are indications that the controlling and surviving faction in the Steel union would rather not go through this sort of test again. When the time is ripe, an attempt will be made to change the constitution so that referenda will be discarded, and voting for top office will be conducted at conventions. With the exception of the United Mine Workers, other unions vote during conventions now. If the change is attempted there will be a mighty row, but the powers may decide: better one big final row than a succession of them.

Personalities enlivened and embittered the struggle, but they were not decisive because a legitimate issue predominated. I.W. Abel, the retiring president, who had anointed Sadlowski's opponent, Lloyd McBride, as his chosen successor, laid his record on the line. In that conservative record was a controversial innovation, ENA, Experimental Negotiating Agreement, the essence of which is abandonment of the strike weapon even in contract negotiations. That was debated fiercely and attacked by Sadlowski as improper unionism. Abel jumped right into the debate. He can claim vindication of his leadership.

In a way they were discovering what the members want their union to be; it would appear that they want a prudent union which will look out for them without too much conflict, getting along with management where possible for the good of the industry. However, one must realize that USW is a conglomerate with more than half its members outside basic steel, which workers are not covered by the experimental no-strike agreement; in general, they are not so well paid as true steel workers, nor as union-oriented. Interestingly enough, the administration slate fared better with these than with those directly affected by ENA, who are evenly

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divided in their estimate of it. Not overwhelmingly for Sadlowski, they were equally cool to both Abel and McBride.

Abel remains in office until the middle of the year, and is now negotiating a new contract with the steel corporations. Ironically Sadlowski's strong showing among the employees of those corporations strengthens Abel's hand.

Abel's first negotiations under ENA had results which were at least adequate, if not tremendous. If those results had been unsatisfactory, his designated successor would have been wiped out in the late contest. This time Abel seeks a measure of job security which will quickly benefit older workers and for which the corporations will demand concessions. Can a lame duck president committed to not striking haggle tough enough? The seeds of a new and stronger Steelworker rebellion may be sown in the next few months unless Abel does very well indeed.

Lloyd McBride, the winner and new president, is said to be more liberal and militant than Abel. Is he wise? He faces a divided union and a large mass of discontented members. Will he bind wounds? Will he temper the wind? Or will he try a purge?

Sadlowski himself can hardly be purged. His own designated successor won in his huge home Chicago district. Unless McBride lets "slip the dogs of war," Ed can settle down in Chicago as a staffman. He is now a national figure, more prominent than 99 percent of the reigning union presidents. Nothing has dimmed his vigor; still young, he was beaten but not wiped out. Sadlowski has now filed an official protest, as much for the sake of some of his allies, who want to contest for their own reasons. It will take a long time; his chances are not great.

Sadlowski's prominence and his popularity with liberals did him harm as well as good; as did his image as a militant. Old timers remember with a shudder the long strike of '59, over one hundred days. Without the help of liberal outsiders Ed could not have sustained the massive effort that was required; with it he lost some Steelworkers who are not liberally inclined as a whole. They were cool to McGovern, warm to Wallace and not too unfriendly to the Nixon of '72.

An unfortunate interview with *Penthouse* produced a quote which was easily twisted and hurt Sadlowski more than lust and *Playboy* hurt Carter. (Candidates for anything would be wise to avoid skin magazines.) Twisting of quotes is excusable but Red-baiting is not. That hurt in the South and the challengers are bitter. Established labor leaders from the top down were violently against Sadlowski and no wonder. They all felt threatened.

Withal, it was a famous victory, the dimensions of which surprised even the victors; but the defeated battalions remain intact and will rise again. Without a doubt a similar area of discontent exists in all unions but does not show because the others make challenge more difficult.

While the Steelworkers were bellowing and thrashing, the slightly smaller Machinists quietly chose as their president, the very liberal William W. Winpisinger. What are we to make of that? CHARLES OWEN RICE

(*Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, a pastor in Pittsburgh, has been close to the labor scene since the founding of the CIO in the mid-'30s.*)

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HARD TIMES IN EUROPE

WINTER OF DISCONTENT

Winter months are a somber time in Western Europe. The sun rises late, sets early, and its rays do not suffice to warm the air or dissipate the damp.

Spending a month in England, Belgium and France, I sensed a widespread concern about the future. The international economic crisis takes different forms in each country. But there is little feeling that the end is in sight.

There is a deep mood of pessimism in England. The fall of the pound corresponds to a loss of self-confidence. The historical reasons for the crisis of the English economy are relatively clear. Having industrialized first, England enjoyed temporary world supremacy in exports during the 19th century. But other nations which industrialized later were beneficiaries of more advanced technology and larger-scale organization. England's weakness was hidden by the Empire and the accumulated assets of the 19th century. But World War II liquidated both the Empire and much of England's foreign investment.

In the early 1950s, England was forced to choose between membership in the Common Market and reliance on the Commonwealth and a "partnership" with the U.S. She chose the latter, and consequently did not share in the economic unswing experienced by the continent in the 1960s. When England finally entered the Common Market, she was in a position of weakness. By forcing England to modernize, the Common Market should ultimately benefit England. But it will take years for the situation to improve. Meanwhile, many people

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blame the Common Market membership for everything that is going wrong.

The postwar economic problems of England are in part caused by the expense of the welfare system created by Labor after the war. The problem of the reformist programs of income redistribution of English socialism is that they assume the viability of English capitalism—i.e., the boss can always pay. Today, it's not that simple.

Ironically, if World War II pulled England together, the present economic crisis pulls her apart. At a time when the survival of the nation is at stake, social polarization intensifies. The Tories are captured by a female Colonel Blimp; the extreme left of the Labor Party and the radical wing of the T.U.C. threaten the government's survival. Prime Minister Callaghan has tried to shift England's attentions to the problems of modernizing production, but the government lacks much of a parliamentary majority or moral authority in the nation. And it is hard to believe that things will improve when the working class's response to the crisis is to turn the period from Christmas to 4 January into one big *de facto* holiday. Unless work is placed back on the order of the day, and a modus vivendi reached between workers and managers, England will not have a future.

In economic terms, Belgium is much better off. People look much more prosperous. But there are problems. Wallonia like England suffers from her early industrialization. Unemployment is high there. Generally speaking, moreover, Belgium is hurt by producing high-priced consumer goods for export at a time when the market is far from good. The worker is protected by excellent insurance, but continued unemployment will make the cost in taxes for unemployment and other welfare benefits a serious problem.

As a result of a century and a half of conflicts over religion, class and language, Belgium has arrived at an elaborate political system based on consensus. Decisions require the assent of all major groups, not a 51 percent majority in parliament. Unlike England, labor relations are excellent. But if consensus prevents the fragile balance of a divided society from being upset, it also prevents vigorous action on the part of any government. Not much has been done to develop an effective program of economic investment in capital goods, for example. On the other hand, Belgium has gained from Brussels' having become a center for European business. In the long run, there is little that a small export-oriented country can do alone; Belgium's future is closely tied to the world economic situation.

Although France suffers from the economic recession, the focus of attention is currently on political developments.

Since the creation of the Fifth Republic, French politics have been dominated by the right. The Cold War made a popular front regime impossible; Third Force policies almost destroyed the old socialist party. The recent renascence of the socialists and the "new look" of the Communists have made a change possible. Recent polls show that a left-wing majority might well emerge in parliamentary elections. Such a victory would be problematic at best, however.

It is hard to tell whether the French Communists are sufficiently de-Stalinized to participate loyally in a democratic regime. Are they as sophisticated as the Italians? If not, the future of the left in Europe might be set back for another generation. Are the socialists strong enough organizationally to dominate a coalition government with the Communists? Would a left victory lead to an economic crisis, based on fears by business or actual sabotage? Finally, how would a left majority get along with a centrist president? Up till now, the "presidential" majority has always coincided with the parliamentary majority.

Even if the left does not win, Giscard may be faced with this problem, since the present "majority" is in full disarray. Former Prime Minister Chirac, kicked out by Giscard because of a conflict on how to deal with the threat of the left (Giscard wanted a course of moderate reform, Chirac direct confrontation), has transformed the gaullists (the majority in the majority) in name and spirit. A demagogic and noisy anti-Communist crusade has begun—presumably with "no enemies on the right." The political stability of the Fifth Republic may be nearing an end.

The situation in these three countries is thus quite volatile (to say nothing of Spain, Portugal, or Italy). Each country experiences the world economic slump in its own way, but the fact remains that the basic cause of their distress is the world economic crisis. If any answer to that crisis is likely to be found, it is more likely to be found in Washington than in London, Brussels, or Paris. But will the Carter administration be capable of reviving the European economy by reviving the American? STEVEN PHILIP KRAMER

(Steven Philip Kramer, a previous contributor, is a member of the History Department at the University of New Mexico.)

RICHARD E. MCMULLEN

TRYING TO SLEEP

On the lawn, the great lizard, slow
as a hill, rests like a log half
out of water. An eye flickers
like a flashlight on a lake.
Moving slower than it grows,
it will take a long time to see me,
to turn its head, to reach my window.

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TIMELY SAINTS

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

The newspapers have been full of reports of canonizations in prospect. Quite providential canonizations, one might even say strategic. There is the unquestionably heroic woman doctor, wife and mother, who willingly accepted death rather than consent to an abortion to save her life—a patron for the pro-life movement. And Blessed Matt Talbot seems about to be elevated at long last—a little late, I think, for the blue-collar laity, but certainly in time for the mounting ranks of members of Alcoholics Anonymous.

It was nice that the canonization of the first American-born saint, Mother Seton, came in time for the Bicentennial, and that that of one of our first American Bishops, Bishop Neumann was soon to follow her.

If the above seems a bit wry, it is because I have never quite gotten over the sense of betrayal I felt when it was first suggested to me—with irrefutable logic by a respected college professor—that canonizations, although, of course, the work of the Holy Spirit, often had a fortuitous and political human element—an application to the times. He was talking about the elevation of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, men who defied the state in the name of conscience, at a time in which Fascism and Nazism and Communism threatened the Church in Europe.

By that time I had grown interested in the saints as human beings of great variety. But in St. Felix parish, where I grew up, we had depended more upon the Poor Souls than the saints. After all, we were well acquainted with some of the former, and the others were a faraway lot. We depended on the Poor Souls to wake us up on time, to remind us of things, to help with exams. We knew they cared about us and were in need of the Our Fathers and Hail Marys we offered in return. I went twelve years to St. Felix School without ever being told who St. Felix was, except that he was the patron of the French priest who had founded the parish. Nor did we celebrate his feast day, if, indeed, he had one. Our pastor was extremely proud of the fact that our school was accredited, and did not approve of interruptions in the school year—so we didn't hear anything about his patron either. (I do remember that for a time we went home early on the feast of St. Pius because it was Sister Superior Pia's name's day, but only after covering the whole day's work in shortened periods.) In the church only the bare minimum of statues for that time were offered for our veneration. St. Joseph was there, of course, on his altar, and Our Blessed Lady on hers. St. Boniface was on one side of the high altar and St. Patrick on the other—concessions to the backgrounds of the parishioners who first joined and then succeeded the French. I never heard either of them referred to in a homily—oh, perhaps, a reference or two from the traveling missionaries who came to the parish once a year.

With one exception, the saints did not come close to us. They stayed in our church history courses and in the long chant of the litany during Forty Hours Devotion. That exception was Ste. Therese of Lisieux, the Little Flower as she was always called then.

She was canonized when I was in grade school and one of my classmates died that year—of what mysterious cause I do not know. One week she was there—a happy, friendly eight-year-old—pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, with her fair, straight, German-blond hair caught off her face with a barrette adorned with a blue ribbon bow. The next week she was gone, and her desk was festooned with purple crêpe paper and ferns. Her parents took the money in her small savings account and bought us a statue of Ste. Therese. It stood in the school hall as we went back and forth from one room to the other. Thus, we had a saint. She had come when one of our friends left us. She became a familiar of our days in her Carmelite habit, eyes upturned, holding the Crucifix and spilling roses, which we knew meant that she wanted to do us kindnesses from heaven. We were told that she had been canonized because she had proved in her short life that anyone, anyone, could be a saint by following the "little way." We had no idea what that meant, but found it comforting.

Looking back in later years, when those of us who had discovered saints as people were all struggling with the phenomenon of the Little Flower stripped of sentimentality by later biographers; when her spiritual achievement was laid bare in all its fearsome stark simplicity; the work of the Holy Spirit in her canonization was surely evident. But, where, I used to wonder, was the timely element? Now I think I know.

She had a rare clarity—the little Therese. When she lay dying at the age of twenty-four she knew that her autobiography would be of great importance and have great influence after her death—*every word of it* . . . "Everyone will see very well that it all comes from the good God . . ." It has all been meditated on and all mulled over again and again. Yet in leafing through it recently I found a passage which bears new meditation now:

"I still can't understand why it's so easy for a woman to get excommunicated in Italy! All the time, peo-

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MORALITY AT THE WATER'S EDGE

STEPHEN A. GARRETT

Can Carter successfully promote morality in foreign policy?

During the 1976 campaign President Carter emphasized that if elected he would restore a greater sense of morality to American foreign policy than had supposedly been featured during the Kissinger era. How and to what degree he implements this pledge will be one of the interesting features to watch in his presidency. Diplomat and scholar George Kennan once remarked on the fondness of Americans for a "legalistic-moralistic" approach to foreign policy. An emphasis on the ethical foundations of our diplomacy certainly has much to commend it but it still remains that Americans historically have never established a very satisfactory balance between their moral instincts and their approach to political reality. The lack of such a balance has led to alternating errors of expecting too much or demanding too little from political action. Euphoria has given way to apathy, only to be succeeded by a new phase in which the failures of the past are ignored or dismissed in the heat of new expectations.

There is little doubt that we are currently in one of our periodic downphases. The lingering memories of the Vietnam debacle and revelations about the activities of the CIA are only two of the elements contributing to a present widespread cynicism about the actual and potential moral content of American foreign policy. What I would like to suggest here is that we still need to grasp certain basic principles that govern the relationship between morality and foreign policy. An understanding of these principles may help to mitigate some of the recent disillusionment and perhaps point the way at last toward a really satisfactory blending of our ideals with our diplomacy.

To begin with we have to avoid the fallacy of dividing human experience into opposing categories, namely, the realm of political action and the realm of values. Particularly during our occasional periods of disillusionment we have a tendency to view foreign policy as a sort of moral desert. The assumption emerges that it is only in our pursuits as individuals that ethical norms can be or are expressed. In reality the realms of action and value are permanently intertwined. All politics—and foreign policy as one type of political activity—are governed by two different types of value considerations. What are the proper *ends* of policy? What are the acceptable *means* for achieving these? To posit an end is by definition to make a moral statement. As Justice Holmes once remarked, "Man is born a predestined idealist, for he is born to act. To act is to affirm the worth of an end and to persist in affirming the worth of an end is to make it an ideal."

To say that men are not idealists in the Holmesian sense is to say that human actions are totally random, that they derive out of a moral roulette, that what is done today may well be completely and arbitrarily reversed tomorrow. Obviously our affairs are not in quite this chaotic a state. Actually the moral framework of foreign policy behavior is ignored in many cases simply because the ultimate ends foreign policy seeks to achieve are so abstract and must always remain partially unfulfilled. Goals such as freedom and security for instance are not ones that we can ever totally master. They instead provide a broad directional element to the country's behavior. It follows that the values of the nation are constantly in the process of becoming and that

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foreign policy can have no meaning outside of this process.

Even if the ends of foreign policy are reluctantly acknowledged to be moral principles, it is frequently questioned whether there is a "morality of means" in foreign policy. What is fundamental at least to the Western tradition, however, is that even proper ends do not justify any means. What seems to be occasional exceptions in human behavior to this standard should not blind us to the fact that it is normally adhered to.

At the Teheran Conference in 1943 between Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill, for example, Stalin—perhaps in whimsy—suggested that the most effective way to prevent a resurgence of German militarism after the war was to shoot 50,000 German officers once the conflict had ended. This undoubtedly would have been an effective measure considered in its own terms. Churchill however rejected it with some heat, declaring that if carried out it would constitute a "stain" on the honor of the British people. Perhaps Churchill was thinking of other things that could be done that could be equally effective in curbing German revanchism and thus he could allow himself the luxury of moral outrage. The point however is that most statesmen do occasionally stop short of measures that appear to be effective—and perhaps the *only* effective—means to an end.

One of the reasons they do so is that they after all lead double lives. On the one hand they are charged with the protection of the state, with the maintenance and extension of the interests of the community of which they are the temporary agent. In this capacity it might reasonably be assumed that statesmen would—and in some sense *should*—be governed only by considerations of efficiency, i.e., the dictates of *raison d'état*. But statesmen also have another existence, that which derives out of their own personal experience, values, images, perceptions. It is impossible for them totally to separate these two worlds and this means that in practice the cold-blooded, strictly efficient calculation of state interest is often softened by the more generous impulses that characterize their individual life, in particular the impulse that leads most of us to accept at least some constraints on the methods we use to advance our personal goals.

A recent example of this fusion of personal and official roles was the case of former Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton. McNaughton, who was killed with several of his family in a plane crash in 1967, started out as a solid supporter of the Vietnam war. His memoranda to Secretary of Defense McNamara however began to show increasing doubts as 1966 progressed. Several of them were included in the Pentagon Papers. McNaughton ascribed part of his switch on Vietnam to the constant argument and pressure he was receiving at home from his teen-age children, who criticized him for constantly recommending measures in Vietnam that seemed so at variance with his personal standards of behavior. It might be added that the change in McNaughton had a considerable influence in turning McNamara himself away from the war.

The other reason that statesmen generally adhere to some general idea of "morality in means" comes from their role as interpreter of the nation's interests. Those interests—that is to say, those values—concern not only ultimate goals for the society but intervening procedure as well. Democracy for instance is often defined as being no more than an ideology of means, not ends. In his capacity as corporate agent it behooves the leader to protect *both* these procedural and end values, even if he personally may have very different notions—or no notions at all—about proper constraints on national behavior. The statesman, in short, may arrange for the government to behave "more morally" basically because he feels that to do so is part of the charge he has from his constituency. When Churchill denounced Stalin's plan at Teheran the "stain on British honor" he alluded to was in part his analysis of how the British people themselves would view such a procedure.

Even in totalitarian societies we sometimes see this factor in operation. One salient instance was the Nazi euthanasia program. The latter involved the elimination of old people, mental defectives and "socially unproductive" elements of society. When rumors of it reached the German people there was a strong negative reaction. In response the Nazi hierarchy at least temporarily curtailed the program. There is no reason to be overly-euphoric: the extermination of Jews went on forthwith. But the point is that even in a tight police state public notions of appropriate behavior can at times have an important effect on the actions of political leaders.

Wilson's Influence

The tendency of Americans to separate morality and politics into watertight compartments may be traced in part to Woodrow Wilson's influence on our intellectual heritage. Elementary to Wilson's approach to international relations was a beguiling even if false distinction between the supposedly peaceful instincts of the "masses" and the aggressive designs of various ruling elites. If democratic controls could only be made to prevail throughout the world—so the argument went—international peace would be assured.

This notion that power inevitably corrupts, that our basic problem is a vast gulf between the sound instincts of the private citizen and the cynical ethos of the politician, has continued down to the present day. It stands as a prime obstacle to understanding the actual relationship between moral norms and political action. Take Lord Acton's famous dictum. He did *not* actually say that "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." He said that power *tends* to cor-

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rupt. Styled in this way Acton's statement is unexceptional. Power can be a heady elixir and it may indeed corrupt. Dilemmas do exist between values in individual life and the values of the statesmen given charge over the nation's destiny. Where we go astray is in depicting the situation in simplistic terms: the natural "goodness" of the masses in Rousseau's sense contrasted with the natural deviousness of their leaders.

A distinction of this sort faces two main objections: 1) The "masses" as such are hardly the repository of unalloyed moral virtue. Wilson's analysis of the German decision to go to war in 1914 for example represented a serious misrepresentation of the real situation. Wilson put the blame solely on the machinations of the Kaiser and his immediate associates. Photographs survive however of the ecstasy with which the German people welcomed the advent of the blood-letting. Indeed the German leadership in some cases was far more ambivalent about the approaching war than were the people they led. Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg's melancholy response to the question of how the war started—"Ah, if only we knew, if only we knew"—revealed doubts that were evidently not shared by the average German. The general point here is that tensions among nations are not simply functions of conspiracies at the top. If they were they might be more amenable of solution. The unhappy truth is that underlying social and psychological factors have been the fundamental ingredients in virtually all of the wars that history has witnessed.

2) Assume that Wilson was right. The masses are peace-loving and generous, yet their best instincts are always being betrayed by their leaders. The question presents itself as to why these virtuous masses continually select or at least acquiesce in leaders who so baldly violate their values. The question applies particularly in democratic societies where the people supposedly have a direct voice in the determination of the national leadership. It is relevant over the long run, however, even in authoritarian societies. Hitler may have had the Gestapo to discourage political dissent, but there has never been a society in history that over any appreciable time was regulated simply by the bayonet. The reality is that Hitler could count on at least a substantial minority for active support and an equally large number who gave him a passive mandate. In any event to insist on the singular virtue of the masses and the singular duplicity of leaders is to produce a logical absurdity: morality consistently giving birth to evil. What many spokesmen for the purity of the masses really mean when they criticize the immorality of statesmen is that they happen to disagree with the special moral framework within which most statesmen—the Hitlers excepted—feel they have to operate.

Viewed in its totality the separation of human activity into the realm of values and the realm of political action reveals a profound sense of guilt at the notion of power itself. Perhaps the basic source of this guilt is that power inevitably involves coercion, and coercion is felt to be inherently incompatible with genuine moral conduct. A fascinating exchange which cast light on this notion came during a round-table discussion some years ago amongst Sidney Hook, Hans Morgenthau, C.P. Snow and H. Stuart Hughes. The subject was the relationship between Western moral values and the threat of both Communism and nuclear warfare. Professor Hook argued that in some circumstances a limited nuclear exchange might be preferable to world triumph by the Soviet Union. A questioner from the audience conceded Hook's right to choose death before loss of freedom as far as it concerned himself. He challenged Hook's right "to make that choice for other people who have never been consulted—for example, the Okinawans who live as American chattels and who would be among

the first to go in the event of a thermonuclear war." Hook replied with some heat that he found a great deal of moral hypocrisy in the questioner's attitude. Any political choice has to accept that not all of those affected by the decision can be polled before the making of it. Hook discussed this principle in terms of domestic policy as well. "If one generalized the principle behind your position, it would be impossible to adopt any kind of social legislation whatsoever. Every law limits the freedom of some individual. If we pass a law which forbids night work for women, some women will lose jobs which they badly need. In the end we make a decision on the basis of the overall ethical values we're committed to."

If we accept that any and all social action necessarily involves some measure of coercion, the obvious implication is that the latter does not in and of itself make an action morally false. What is at issue is the type and degree of coercion. To defeat Nazism a whole range of actions were undertaken by the United States that involved suffering of non-Germans, e.g., the bombing of France prior to D-day. Was such bombing wrong because the French people in their present situation had no voice in the decision that led to it? This is not to deny that the question of coercion can raise some sticky moral dilemmas. As we have said the criteria are ones

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of type and degree. The coercion must be shown to be necessary and, even more, *efficient*, that is, likely to contribute to the achievement of a morally defensible goal. Random or arbitrary coercion may legitimately be questioned on moral grounds.

The matter of degree is more complicated. Even if a certain form of coercion can be shown as efficient to the achievement of a goal, we may still question it because it seems to violate canons of proportionality, that is, its evil side effects outweigh its utility in gaining an end. Moral repugnance at the Vietnam war seems to have rested on this point more than any other. South Vietnam was hardly an example of Jeffersonian democracy but on balance it was, if only by comparison, a less authoritarian society than that which prevailed in the North. A modest investment which attempted to maintain the relatively more open system in the South—and perhaps even to nudge it farther in the direction of freedom—and may have been justified. What was not justified was the massive and indiscriminate military campaign that the United States inflicted on Vietnam. The South wasn't all *that* much freer than the North—and thus there were definite limits as to how much suffering we had a right to create in order to maintain it.

What is involved here is the necessity of a non-perfectionist ethic—a term that was first developed by the late Arnold Wolfers. What it points to is a rather elementary yet constantly ignored principle, which is that our reach must forever remain greater than our grasp. Perhaps more than anything else it is the laying of impossible moral demands on political action that leads to public frustration with politics once these demands inevitably fall short of realization. Such frustration can be corrosive enough in itself—witness the furies of the McCarthy period or our rejection of the League of Nations. Perhaps more serious is that by expecting too much we frequently wind up achieving too little—in the time-honored phrase, the best becomes the enemy of the good.

The development of the unconditional surrender formula for Germany during World War II, for example, flowed out of the most honorable of motives: we were determined to crush the spirit of militarism in Germany once and for all. As it happened, however, the subsequent collapse of Germany led not to the eradication of European tension but rather to the Cold War, in its original formulation largely an American-Soviet struggle over the power vacuum in Central Europe. The irony is increased here by the fact that within five years after German surrender we were embarked on a program of rearming Germany in order to face the new challenge.

I'm not arguing that we should have struck a deal with Hitler and his associates. What I am saying is that we had here a choice between a morally exhilirating attempt at exorcizing all German sin and a more limited program which dealt with the aberrations of Nazism but stopped short of eliminating Germany as a necessary link in a stable European order. As it turned out we were not able to succeed in the former but faced the problems of having achieved the latter.

The unconditional surrender controversy illustrates a prime aspect of the non-perfectionist ethic, which is that political morality often involves a choice between conflicting yet equally valid moral norms. The punishment of wrong-doing is one such norm, peace and stability are others. The eternal task facing the statesman is to develop a program in which at least part of each of the nation's catalogue of values is realized. Where he deserves sympathy from his constituents is in their realizing that by the nature of the situation first one then another value may have to be partially sacrificed in order that the net sum of the nation's aspirations may enjoy some reasonably balanced achievement. What we legitimately may demand of the statesman is that his actions reflect the best *possible* moral combination. What we cannot expect is that the statesman will be able to transcend the tragedy that is inherent to all human experience—unlimited ambitions, limited opportunities.

The Ambiguity of Moral Choice

Actually most debate over "morality" in international affairs is not really about morality as such but about the application of moral values in specific circumstances. What this means is that much of the moral furor that arises over something like the Vietnam war really is a controversy over certain *facts* and how they relate to morally appropriate conduct.

Take the matter of civilian casualties. Almost everyone would acknowledge in the abstract that civilian deaths should be avoided as much as possible in war; almost everyone would also acknowledge that there are hypothetical situations in which a limited number of civilian casualties in warfare may have to be tolerated in the interest of a higher good. The factual problem is to determine just when a "higher good" is threatened and how *many* civilian deaths may have to be tolerated in order to protect it. These are not issues of morality but of political analysis.

Was American national security threatened by events in Indochina? Were the general hopes for peace and stability in the world hostage to these same events? A positive answer made civilian suffering perhaps tolerable in Vietnam; a negative response rendered this very same suffering morally absurd. Another problem of analysis intruded: was the peculiar American military strategy in Vietnam, with its accompanying devastation of Vietnamese civilian life, really the *only* way that Vietnam could have been defended? Once again a positive answer perhaps made tolerable a relatively high

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number of civilian deaths, a negative response pointed to a much more restrictive conclusion. (We might note here that still another factual problem in the Vietnam debate was to determine just what the level of civilian suffering in Indochina actually was: supporters of the war tended to produce modest figures, opponents much larger ones. Deciding on the actual figure was obviously crucial to moral judgment, yet once again it was in its own terms not a problem of morality but of objective analysis.)

If moral evaluations depend heavily on analytical judgments, the latter involve not just a determination of certain objective "facts" but even more the making of "predictions." That is, what will be the consequences in moral terms of alternative courses of action? Viewed in this way the moral aspect of political choice becomes at bottom a probabilistic enterprise, especially because the complexity of political reality is such that nobody can feel total confidence that a given action will have the favorable moral results postulated for it, i.e., nobody can be sure that his "prediction" will actually prove out.

The A-Bomb

Take the dropping of the atomic bomb on Japan. In moral terms Hiroshima and Nagasaki can be defended on the basis that it hastened the end of the war and thus saved lives, Japanese as well as American. The available memoirs in fact indicate that this was the prevailing "prediction" of those involved in the decision. What was crucial to the choice made here was the judgment that without the bomb's being dropped the Japanese most likely would fight on, necessitating an invasion of the main Japanese islands. American casualties in the latter event were estimated at approximately one million. This sounds very compelling but the truth is that no final judgment on the moral validity of dropping the bomb can ever be given. It's impossible to guess what course events would have taken if we had merely kept the bomb in reserve or even staged a "demonstration" of it off the coast of Japan as some American scientists suggested. Considerable evidence exists to show that the Japanese government was seriously contemplating surrender even before the use of the atomic bomb. Whether they would actually have made the final decision for peace without the horrific effects of Hiroshima and Nagasaki must always remain the great moral imponderable.

The difficulty of discerning just what the consequences of a given decision actually were is one problem. Far more sobering are those situations in which predictions about the effects of a policy were clearly in error. On the one hand the action in question may simply not have led to the moral benefits that were postulated for it. The enthusiasm that ushered in the Alliance for Progress, for example, revolved around the proposition that American economic aid to Latin America would help remove the sources of political instability and authoritarianism and make it possible for liberal democracy gradually to gain sway. This has unfortunately not proven to be the case. Depressing as our failure in Latin America may be, however, it is distinctly less unsettling than a second fate that can sometimes befall moral predictions. We may not have triumphed with the Alliance for Progress but at least the situation is probably no worse than when we began. Sometimes an action taken in a spirit of idealism may not only not improve the situation, it may have a counterproductive effect. It is the latter danger that haunts every measure taken for the putative betterment of mankind. The evidence is still sketchy but there is at least a presumptive case that the so-called "Green Revolution" may fall in this category.

The Green Revolution was based on the development of new "miracle" strains of wheat and rice that promised to vastly increase agricultural productivity. It held out a promise to certain of the developing countries such as India and Pakistan that they would at last be able to surmount the specter of mass famine due to rapid population growth. The introduction of the new strains to these countries did in fact have favorable early results. India a few short years ago harvested a grain surplus for the first time in memory. More recent developments however have been distinctly less encouraging. It now appears that the Green Revolution may have led to serious if unforeseen political, economic and demographic disruption.

Use of the new seeds required a relatively sophisticated technology, particularly in irrigation and in the application of large quantities of fertilizer. By its nature this tended to favor the larger and wealthier farmers who waxed prosperous at the expense of their far more numerous but less advanced counterparts. As a result class antagonisms in the countryside have increased perceptibly. Moreover the need for great quantities of fertilizer has put the developing countries in a very perilous economic situation. The fertilizer that is required comes as a petroleum by-product. The huge increase in oil prices now threatens to exhaust the meager foreign reserves of countries such as India as they attempt to purchase fertilizer on the world market. Perhaps most ominous—and in view of the early hopes expressed for it, most ironic—the Green Revolution has had the effect of *encouraging* population growth.

Confident that they now had the means to feed their own people several of the developing countries flagged in their commitment to programs of birth control. As a result they are faced with a population explosion that over the next decade may overwhelm even the most optimistic projections of new agricultural output. The problem of course is that programs for curtailing population growth in a country like India are immensely

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complicated and fraught with obstacles. It is highly tempting for the leadership in such nations to avoid the burden of these efforts if they can see any alternative to it. The Green Revolution may have seemed to be just such an alternative but its principal author, Nobel Prize-winner Norman Borlaug, may increasingly be viewed—perhaps irrationally and unfairly—as having been the proverbial Greek bearing gifts.

Does this mean that the work leading up to the Green Revolution never should have been attempted? Obviously not. It is possible after all that that work may in the long run have the beneficial effects that were in fact postulated for it. More to the point of this essay is that just because a number of complexities arise when our ideals confront reality, this fact does not absolve us of the duty of attempting to realize those ideals within the limits established by reality. To the extent that there is a tendency today for Americans to abdicate their moral vision, particularly in the sphere of foreign policy, I would suggest that it derives precisely from an unwillingness or inability to admit that the achievement of moral values through political action does have to take into consideration the non-perfectionist ethic and the difficulties of knowing whether in each case our actions really will have the desired moral effect.

In the early nineteen-thirties a number of young people in Great Britain signed the so-called "Oxford oath." The Oxford oath was a pacifist declaration; those adhering to it pledged that under no circumstances would they "fight for king or country." Basically it was a reaction to what was seen as the futile carnage of World War I and it was designed to put pressure on governmental leaders and specifically those in Great Britain to engage in serious disarmament negotiations and to eschew war as a tool of national policy. In the event the Oxford oath was not only misdirected in its emphasis but had almost exactly the opposite effect of what it was intended to achieve. The British government was hardly oriented toward a major new European conflict. More important, Hitler took the oath as an important piece of evidence that the English had gone soft and could not be counted on to oppose his designs. When Great Britain and others eventually did react World War II was the result. But who can condemn the moral impulse that led to the Oxford oath, even if we know in retrospect that it may have encouraged Hitler along the path of aggression?

In most circumstances, popular pressures on governments to exercise restraint, and even the "appeasement" of one's supposed adversaries, may be both morally and practically the best course. The problem was that Hitler was in some sense a "unique" phenomenon, that is, a foreign statesman absolutely beyond appeals to reason and humanity. It should be observed that when this became clearly evident with the outbreak of war the signers of the Oxford oath, as Churchill himself noted with admiration, rechanneled their moral commitment: they served "king and country" against the Nazis at heavy cost to themselves. The point is that these young Englishmen *made* choices in a period of moral crisis even if they have been been different ones at different times. Clearly the United States in the world arena today is confronted with some serious challenges to its fundamental national values, particularly its commitment to liberal democracy and an improving standard of life for the deprived peoples of the developing world. Not to make choices on the protection and extension of these values will in itself be a choice—for abdicating them.

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ROBERT WALLACE

MORE THAN THERE IS

1 Wanting more than there is,
I thin myself to the surface of water,
transparent, reflecting
light, brushing air, keeping
at an even distance from the clouds
and from the crystal, pink, orange, white
pebbles, from the silt, crabs,
sliding starfish, a needle-fish snaking
its fire-hose snout around a clump of mussels—
clear, faintest green,
a lens;
level, easy where I am, or
lifted by the tide, the same; or into waves.

2 The sun plunges west—
the dry, gray dock,
the green creek whirled by a boat's wash
into Queen Anne's lace;
two red-billed skimmers like swooping
fighters in the shadow of a marshy bank.
Gold-leaf, and then moon-foil.
I want more than there is:
a miraculous commotion,
stars over the roof, mirrors, the fine gold hair.

3 At five o'clock, in the first gray light,
a wedge of tiny, fanning ripples
like a feather
wanders on the incoming tide: somebody
struggling. I cup him up, a
half-inch moth, white, gray, and tan
like marbling on an old book,
with delicate crimson antennae.
Flat to my knuckle, he dries out;
flutters to a piling to await the sun.

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS TODAY

SALVATORE J. ADAMO

In search of a future

Everyone knows statistics can be twisted, but there is one set of numbers that tells us something significant about the Catholic Press in America today. Despite contrary indicators for 1976, over the last several years Catholic magazines have gained 3 million readers, while the newspapers have lost close to one million.

Why the shift of interest? It's arguable but I believe the newspapers have lost their sense of news and have become house organs in most dioceses. Particularly the metropolitan areas. It is incredible but true that no more than one or two of the major archdioceses possess a lively, imaginative newspaper. From Boston to San Francisco it is a wasteland. In fact, were it not for the *National Catholic Reporter* countless crucial news events that concern Catholics would go unreported.

Even the two religious news services—NC and RNS—suffer from what I would call, novaphobia—fear of the news. Religious News Service is only mildly afflicted. Sometimes it is hampered by ecumenical fears and will speak in whispers when it should be roaring. But NC News Service is the pitiful captive of the Washington ecclesiastical bureaucracy, forever trembling between genuflections before the National Council of Catholic Bishops.

See page 163 for related editorial comment.

It would take an entire book to record the misleads placed on vital stories by NC News Service, to say nothing of all the news it judged unfit to print. Even when it does issue a big story it will minimize it with frantic changes in the lead, corrections, explanatory notes and so forth 'ad nauseam.' A case in point was the recent explosive report on Catholic Relief Services in the *National Catholic Reporter* in mid-December, which NC retold in its customary cautionary manner. It would take pages of print to itemize and explain all the switches and defenses that took place in the ensuing weeks.

The irony is that most diocesan papers give such stories a kiss-off, anyway. In some papers, like *The Beacon* of Paterson, the CRS tale sneaked in via the commentary of Father John Reedy's column. So the readers in North Jersey learned about the matter indirectly and incompletely. In South Jersey, where the *Star Herald* is published, the story made the front page of the Dec. 17th issue. Very few were the papers that went and did likewise. Fear makes their cold print sweat.

The fear is compounded by a Catholic Press Association that is dead but remains unburied because no one has come forth to embalm it. Despite its verbal dedication to a free press, when things get hot the CPA wilts. As it did early last year in the case of the firing of Father Ed Byington, former editor of *The Anchor*, by Bishop Daniel Cronin of Fall River. In that incident the short-lived editor objected to a memo from the Chancellor directing him never to print anything that might issue from the pen of a charismatic enthusiast, one Paul Methia. Actually the man never sent anything to the paper but the idea was to take no chances. It was such a petty act of tyranny but the CPA would take no action until it was forced to do so by the adoption of a resolution on the floor of the annual convention in May 1976. In the interval the CPA hierarchy engaged in a series of obstructionist tactics that proved again it was no more than a eunuch in the kingdom of the print media.

Quite different was the action of the Twin Cities Newspaper Guild later in July 1976 which publicly criticized Archbishop Roach, publisher of *The Catholic Bulletin*, for his "abdication of responsibilities as a newspaper publisher" in suppressing a story about how his archdiocese got skinned in a real estate deal. Of course, the editor of the *Bulletin*, Bernie Casserly, came forth and took the blame for the decision to drop the story, admitting unashamedly that his newspaper was no more than "the house organ of the archdiocese." The same man was one of the most vociferous objectors to the floor resolution at the CPA annual meeting which indirectly had condemned Bishop Cronin's censorship crudities.

So the problem of a free press is not simply a question of educating the bishops or persuading them to practice what the Church teaches. There is a loss of nerve among most Catholic editors, clerical and lay, and there is a growing sycophancy among them too. Top talent has fled or been cowed into submission.

Men of the caliber of a John O'Connor or a Msgr. Francis Maurovich, to name but two, are a vanishing breed. For example, the great archdiocese of Chicago has been ill-served by a former head of NC news service who managed for a half-dozen years to produce the most vapid newsweekly in America. Whether his

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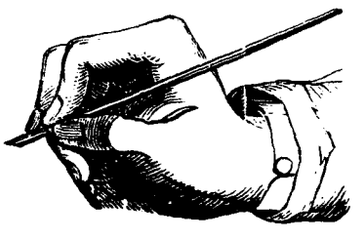
successor, A.E.P. Wall can do much better or merely add some cosmetic touches to *The New World* remains to be seen. Personally, I doubt it.

Occasionally, there are some bold stories that somehow make it in our sedated Catholic press. The Dec. 10, 1976 issue of *The Catholic Review* in Baltimore carried a lead article on six priests who had left the priesthood. It created a storm, of course; since a nearly-universal taboo had been violated. Pat Joyce, the young editor, told me in a phone conversation that the article provoked more letters than ever, most of them critical.

Why did he print the story? As he put it, "We were just trying to tell the truth about something important to Catholics." Subsequently Detroit's *Michigan Catholic* did a broader article on the subject. Incidentally both



reports were penned by gal reporters. In my own diocese of Camden, departed priests are reduced to non-persons as their successors are named without any reference to them.

True, there are winter flowers in a Catholic press that has been barren for so long it doesn't even yearn for the full life of freedom any more, only survival. There are exceptions but they are no more than a dozen or so. Papers like *The Tablet* of Brooklyn, *The Church World* of Maine, the *Herald Citizen* of Milwaukee, the *Providence Visitor* and *The Advocate* of Newark remain vibrant. But some of the great diocesan newsweeklies of the Vatican II era have either died like *The Oklahoma Courier* or been reincarnated like the *Catholic Reporter,* now the *National Catholic Reporter.* Others should be given the last rites as soon as possible—like *The Delmarva Dialog* of Wilmington, the *Clarion Herald* of New Orleans, the *St. Louis Review,* the *Monitor* of San Francisco (that newsless wonder of the West) and quite a few others that I shall not mention in order to keep my list of potential enemies from growing too long. Some are only shadows of their former selves like *The Voice* of Oakland, *The Universe-Bulletin* of Cleveland, *The Criterion* of Indianapolis, and, alas, *The Pilot* of Boston. (Incidentally, newspapers cited here for good or ill are only meant to be samples, not an exhaustive list. I mentioned merely the ones with which I'm more familiar.)

The *Star Herald* which I have edited for some 15 years has declined too. It's dormant, not moribund, though. I have struggled to keep it free and paid the price in the process. At least, I've never surrendered to 'mitred' censorship or smoothed it over as "editorial judgment." I've resisted and protested, and sometimes prevailed.

The fact is that most bishops dread the news. It goes back to their seminary training when they were forbidden to read daily papers or popular magazines and where the truth of current history as recorded in news events was scorned as exercises in triviality. The grand truths of theology and philosophy and scripture alone mattered.

That is why some bishops have now turned to buying a page of space in local dailies to get their messages across to people. Recently, Bishop Gracida of Pensacola-Tallahassee, Florida has joined Bishop Tanner of St. Augustine, Florida (prior to his enthronement in 1968 he had been chief censor at the old NCWC News Service) in this narrow enterprise. It is so sadly reminiscent of the Knights of Columbus' ads for the Faith during the fifties and into the sixties. For such prelates the press is a one-way street, an extension of their preaching.

Yet there is a lesson in the Bible that they steadfastly refuse to recognize: the passion for truth in recording the failures and triumphs, the shame and the glory of prophets, kings and people. I often like to imagine what would have happened to Matthew's story of Christ's Passion if one of our American bishops were supervising its publication. Judas would disappear without a reference; Peter would never be revealed denying Christ; even Our Lord's cry of agony would be omitted lest it seem He was complaining that the Father had abandoned Him, and the first one to see the Risen Christ would have been Peter, as became the first Pope, not Magdalen the reformed prostitute.

The Bible is so forthright and honest because it recognizes we are all but dust and were it not for God's mercy we'd all perish. It should be the guide of all editors, especially those of religious newspapers. Instead we have to turn to the secular press to learn what we should never have forgotten: that truth is inviolable.

It may be, as one bishop told me, that a diocese should not try to publish anything other than a house organ because it cannot really face up to a candid mirroring of its life. After all, if our bishops were heroically humble and could bear close public scrutiny of their official acts, they would be so saintly that there would be nothing to embarrass them.

Unfortunately, they are only flesh and bone, like the rest of us and they're not about to support open, honest newspapers. Of course, the people themselves could get behind lively religious newsweeklies. But most people don't give a damn.

And that is why within a decade or less the Catholic newspapers in America will hardly be worth the paper they're printed on.

MSGR. SALVATORE J. ADAMO *is completing fifteen years as Editor of the* Catholic Star Herald, *Camden, New Jersey's diocesan newspaper.*

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ON THE ROAD TO DROGHEDA

JAMES GILHOOLEY

Americans at a peace rally in Ireland

"Really. It's the only way you can get to know the people." These were the words urgently whispered to me as my tired body was lifted into an already filled Ford Escort. I was on my way to spend the night with an unknown Belfast family. It was the fifth day since my arrival at Dublin Airport "for the last peace rally of 1976" in Drogheda.

However, my reluctance to hear any further long and usually conflicting sentences on the troubles was just as real as that of my hosts. "We weren't exactly looking forward to a long evening with still one more sentimental, teary-eyed Irish-American." Happily, at least for me, the hours proved to be precisely what the doctor might have ordered for terminal word-fatigue.

My young hosts along with their children had lived several years in India, Nigeria and the States, working for OXFAM. The artwork in their warm and comfortable home spoke of these travels. The conversation of husband and wife struck me as informed. Their lifestyle was certainly middle class. Their open identification with the much publicized Peace People in a city anxious to self-destruct involved risk which they made light of.

Brought around slowly by room temperature Martini & Rossi vermouth, I brought myself to ask whether I was standing in the middle of a mini-war between Protestants and Catholics or an economic war along classic lines between haves and have-nots. Putting down his ale, my host answered quickly: 'Neither. It's a fight between the have-nots on both sides. The haves stand above it and laugh all the way to the bank."

The haves of his reply are the upper and middle classes. Given their seventy percent plurality in Ulster, they are largely Protestant. So, whenever the Catholic have-nots make unpleasant noises about such expensive goals as election reforms, decent housing and better jobs as, say, in Derry in 1969, the haves tell the Protestant have-nots about the unruly Papists now threatening the little they have. Result: the trench-coats are shook out, the Smith & Wessons oiled, the fighting begins. Shortly thereafter, additional have-nots wearing Her Majesty's jaunty red berets and camouflage combat suits are flown in by the RAF to keep the peace. The choreography is time-tested and comes with a money-back guarantee.

We talked for a long while about the condition of the have-nots in Ulster. About 1 AM, a car pulled up outside the house. Somewhat nervously, I recalled that one of the more popular pastimes in Belfast was assassinations delivered to one's front parlor. If my hosts were upset, they said nothing. Unwilling to be outdone in the courage department, I resolved that if I were to be rudely dispatched to God, I would go with a touch of class. Hurriedly swallowing the last of my Irish cheddar, I too looked terribly composed.

A boy of about eighteen years burst into the room. Speaking quickly in a dialect which I barely understood, he announced that he had just been elected chairman of a youth division of the Peace People. The young man was introduced as this Catholic couple's foster son. His roots are among the Belfast have-nots. He is Protestant.

I was traveling with a hundred fellow Americans in Ireland and Ulster on what was billed as a "journey of reconciliation." Sponsoring the nine-day trip were the National Council of Churches and Pax Christi USA. While many in our party were professional peace types, few were authorities on things Irish. None pretended to be.

The trip was in response to the invitation of the Peace People of Ulster. Like a Greek drama searching for a happy ending on Irish soil, their green grass-roots movement was born from the violent death of three young children from the same family on a residential Belfast street in August 1976. The Peace People's leaders were anxious to have an American contingent as part of their Sunday, Dec. 5 rally in Drogheda, a busy town about thirty miles above Dublin.

It was their hope that as many as fifty thousand people from both sides of the border and the Gospel would begin to grope toward a union of their great divide in the very territory where three centuries earlier King William of Orange's victory over his royal but Catholic counterpart had assured religious tensions among the Irish people. Their mammoth assembly alongside the cold, brown waters of the River Boyne, running through Drogheda, would surely say to even the die-hards: "Whoever and whatever you are—seven years of guerrilla warfare and seventeen hundred dead are quite enough."

FATHER JAMES GILHOOLEY *is Regional Coordinator of* Pax Christi, *the International Catholic Movement for Peace.*

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The days before the rally were spent in Christmas-buntinged Dublin, gray Belfast and the deathly quiet streets of Derry. Nothwithstanding our modest numbers, the Irish dailies along with the television people paid us a flattering amount of attention. Perhaps, given recent U.S. history, even a small band of Americans traveling an ocean on a reconciliation journey was indeed a news item. Prominent Protestant churchmen did not allow the media to outdo them in recognizing our presence, however. Their strong presence in both Dublin and Belfast moved the 25 Roman Catholic members of our group to stammer, first, in embarrassment and, finally, in anger at the absence of their R.C. counterparts. One irreverent wag concluded: "It's comforting to know that the Irish R.C.s have learned the popular American game of ecumenics at long distance." Not until we reached Derry was conclusive proof given that R.C. bishops still make their homes among the Irish people.

But, more to my interest, it was not until Edward

Daly, Derry's impressive R.C. bishop, addressed us over a meat and potato lunch that the world "justice" was spoken in the same breath with "peace" by any ranking ecclesiastic. The divines before him were more anxious to tell us that a war between the churches was not in progress and that reconciliation and peace were absolutely imperative. Curiously, I had heard no one before them even suggest such a war was in progress. And on their second point there was, to my peasant Irish ear, a "peace at any price" tone or, as a Belfast priest would put it weeks later, a "peace without change" inflection.

This tone was upsetting to several in our company. The bloody events of these recent Irish years seemed to testify that reconciliation and peace would continue to be greasy eels as long as the injustices and indignities that opened this fresh chapter in the long-running troubles were not seriously addressed and at least partially resolved. Privately I asked one of the Protestant clerics about his eloquent silence on the subject of justice in a context of peace and reconciliation. Promising to be concise, he answered by query in what seemed to be several thousand fluid but nervous words. Recognizing a style that I have been known to use, I quietly withdrew. Gently I put the same question to one of his colleagues, but his answer did little to quiet my anxiety. When, on our last evening in Ireland, the soft-spoken Cardinal Conway told us over tea and biscuits that in the present peace movement he and his peers are not the leaders but the led, the applause that followed seemed prompted more by relief than mischief.

Sitting like exotic plants under glass, we were bused through the Shankill and Falls Road of Belfast as well as Derry's Bogside and Waterside. The destruction caused by explosives was obvious. The dispiriting weather did much to add to the cemetery-flavor of the ruins. Peering out through the steamed-up windows, I mused that a political Bultmann could have a field day demythologizing the cute line that has it: "While the songs of the Irish may be sad, their wars are merry."

The British military were everywhere crawling about in their Saracen tanks and personnel carriers and warily occupying heavily protected check points. A good percentage of the young men with their dark, high-powered rifles almost dwarfing their bodies looked as though they had been playing soldiers on grimy English tenement streets not too many winters before. If the Wilkinson Steel razor blade people were depending on purchases by these beardless, menacing boys for their Johnny Walker Red, they'd develop a terrible thirst.

Our party was given reason aplenty to understand better the tensions of life in Northern Ireland. While traveling from Dublin to Belfast, our train was halted because of bombs ahead on the track. The same afternoon, just before our tour of the same area, five British soldiers "on their last day in Ulster," as next day's newspapers wrote, were fired upon by a Russian-made rocket. Several hours later we were hurried out of a restaurant by the military after a bomb threat. "All right, Padre, let's move it." I finished the day by crawling into bed in a hotel whose dining room had disappeared in a bomb explosion a short time before.

The trip finally brought us to Drogheda on a cold, but mercifully dry, day. But the great crowds anticipated stayed home. One blue-haired matron, wearing the heavy gloves of her husband who stayed home before the telly, may have said it all: "My neighbors in Dublin, you see, do not feel it's their problem." In any event, the *Irish Times* estimated that fifteen thousand appeared at the rally.

The moral, I fear, is that peace and justice in Ulster will not kiss through rallies alone. Eventually, as odious as it might sound to Irish romantics at home and abroad, the politician in Chesterfield and homburg, with his car-coated economist in tow, will have to put together a package attractive to all sides. Until that happy, long-distanced day, the roles of my host family and their Peace People friends, both Catholic and Protestant, who are already sharing what they have, will become

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increasingly more important. Ironically enough, they can anticipate aid from other haves who will grudgingly make concessions, political and otherwise, simply because they have grown weary of ducking bomb-splinters and submitting to body searches on their way to the bank.

In the interim, the have-nots will continue to beat each other up. The violence, in turn, will increase their own numbers. The morning of the Drogheda rally, for example, sixteen shops in Derry were fire-bombed and a hundred people added to the ranks of the unemployed. More high school dropouts will be airlifted from England to secure temporary employment with the Royal Rifles or whatever, guarding people as deprived as themselves in the Shankill and the Bogside. Increasing numbers of the haves will learn the advantages of banking by mail. And the "damnable question" will remain just that.

But, as our own Mr. Jefferson advised us, "Justice cannot sleep forever."

MESSAGE, FARCE & HOME MOVIE

THE STAGE

The sophisticated New Yorker, that rare and wondrous beast, would not be caught dead watching a friend's home movies, but hang the name Bergman, Fellini, Truffaut on the footage and he would be in line immediately waiting to pay inflated prices for a chance to share an essentially private experience. Tell him that you have written a pageant in honor of your Cousin Maude's eighty-fifth birthday and he will have to leave town on business; yet an occasional piece by Neil Simon or Stephen Sondheim, properly dressed, set and performed, would send him running to the theater. That is the only way to explain the success of Tom Stoppard's *Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land,* the celebratory farce now playing at the John Golden.

When Ed Berman, the American-born director, playwright and adventurer in urban social experiments, became an English citizen last year, Tom Stoppard wrote a play (or two plays, depending on whether or not one italicizes the ampersand) in honor of the occasion. Stoppard has already written several plays, of which *After Magritte* is best known here, for Inter-Action Trust, the communal group which Ed Berman helped form to investigate the social uses of theater. When *Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land* was performed at Inter-Action's Almost Free Theatre, the oblique references to Berman's enterprises—the publishing house, the city farm, the Fun Art Bus—must have delighted the audience of friends and well-wishers. Even if New York playgoers read the article by the editor-in-chief of *Playbill* and pick up the proper clues, the jokes are second-hand, the sense of occasion lost as it would be if you had to explain the reference to the missing sachet in your Cousin Maude pageant. It was presumably the public side of Stoppard's play, the farce about sex scandal in high places, that made it attractive to the Kennedy Center, which brought it to Washington in time to ride the wake of the Elizabeth Ray confessions. On to Broadway, then, and a small play written for a small theater had puffed up like a pouter pigeon and come to roost in a Broadway house as though it were a major Stoppard effort, like *Jumpers* or *Travesties.* It is amusingly performed and, as one would expect from Stoppard, it is often funny, but it is about as insubstantial as an occasional piece can be.

Dirty Linen presents a Parliamentary committee meeting ostensibly investigating a monumental scandal in which more than a hundred members of Parliament are assumed to have indulged in hanky-panky with a mysterious titian-haired beauty. The obvious joke is that the incompetent secretary is the woman in question and that—as the English would say—she has had it off with all the committee members, male and female, except for one priggish M.P. whom she converts in the interval. There is a great deal of rather tiresome business in which lace panties, on and off the secretary, are displayed to the appreciative audience; much verbal knockabout in which sexual innuendo is used to malaprop up government jargon; enough opening and closing doors to suggest that Stoppard has sat at the feet of the authors of *Move Over, Mrs. Markham* and *No Sex Please—We're British.* Much of the incidental humor is relentlessly local, as alien to an American audience as the details of Ed Berman's life; for instance, one extended scene depends for its laughs on the differences among the London daily papers. Since the pretentious use of foreign phrases and the idiotic naming of restaurants is as American as it is British, some of the verbal games, however attenuated, are easily assimilated.

The interval I mentioned above is not an intermission, but an interlude, *New-Found-Land.* In it, two Home Office officials consider whether or not Berman (who is never named in the play) should be granted English citizenship, but the chief business of the sketch is to give each of the actors a long monologue. One of them, which may be said to have thematic relevance to the play as a whole, is a reminiscence by an aged civil servant of how he once won a bet from Lloyd George, an anecdote which, although he does not know it, recounts an occasion on which Lloyd George knew his mother (how did Stoppard pass up a joke as obvious as that?). The other set piece is a lyric travelogue which carries speaker and audience across a U.S. seen only through its popular songs, movies, novels, an oddly affectionate nod to Berman's fictional country of origin.

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In insisting on the essential triviality of *Dirty Linen*, I do not want to suggest—as some reviewers have—that it is simply a playful gambol. It is a farce with a message—perhaps several. It argues, through its sex symbol as sage, that the public does not care what its government officials do with their private lives and that journalists, who write only for other newspapermen, care about scandal only as a subject. Some of the comments I heard from Indiana relatives about the Carter interview in *Playboy* suggest that the first point is debatable, in the United States at least, but the second appeals to me—has, in fact, since I read Geoffrey Wolff's "I Scoop, Therefore I Am," in the November, 1975, *More*. The main message of *Dirty Linen* can be found in the committee report, drafted by the secretary, which brings the play to a triumphant end. It declares the rights of the M.P. as a citizen and, in effect, tells press and public alike to buzz off. It is an attractive idea in a time when the right to privacy seems to be getting trampled underfoot by an endless guided tour through the bedrooms of the nation. Still, as the Elizabeth Ray story showed us, the matter is not that simple. There is a difference between sex and sex at public expense. I may not care what my elected representative does with his spare time, but I hate being asked to pay for it.

Dirty Linen appears to be a harmless romp, liberal in spirit and light in delivery, but with a simple shift in the nature of the scandal involved it might serve as *amicus curiae* to Tip O'Neill's defense of Representative Robert L. F. Sikes. GERALD WEALES

THE WAVE OF THE PAST

THE SCREEN

From the very start *Providence* seems to involve us in that same illusory demi-monde where all Alain Resnais's past work has taken place. The film begins with the same shot as *Last Year at Marienbad*, a tracking shot down a shadowy corridor with the camera low and looking up at what passes overhead. The only difference is that we are in a corridor of trees this time rather than a hotel corridor, and the entwined branches are real instead of being plaster and gilt ornamentation on a baroque ceiling. The substitution of one kind of foliage for another indicates that the seeming allusion to Resnais's past work is quite intentional here, and the general strategy of the film, like much of its imagery, gives us a feeling of *déjà vu* as well. The tracking camera soon arrives at the house of Clive Langham (John Gielgud), a novelist who is up all night at the mercy of his aging body and mulling over the lives of his sons (Dirk Bogarde and David Warner) whom he is trying to turn into characters in a novel. Within a couple of reels we have become aware that what we are seeing is only Clive's thoughts about his sons, never the sons themselves.

Since all Resnais's films have created a mental reality in lieu of a concrete one, we seem to be on accustomed ground in *Providence*. Here as in earlier work, Resnais has fractured his story line like a nut in order to get at the interior qualities of human experience. Yet at the same time there is a certain unfamiliarity here apparent even in the cursory description of the film above and increasingly distressing as *Providence* continues. For in all Resnais's greatest films—*Hiroshima Mon Amour, Marienbad* and *Muriel*—the mental reality with which we are ultimately dealing, the one that holds the film together and gives meaning to all the others, is Resnais's own. In *Providence*, on the other hand, the mind with which we are ultimately dealing is not Resnais's, but Clive Langham's.

The way in which Resnais's own mind had to provide the context for events was clear even in his early documentary about the concentration camps, *Night and Fog*. Although much of the film is stock footage of the camps made by the Nazis themselves, the only continuity for either the film or the experiences it depicts is provided by Resnais's own rumination. At one point, for instance, a tracking shot that Resnais made in color along an overgrown railway line at the now abandoned site of a camp cuts away to a black and white shot along a rail line in use at a camp years earlier, crowded with boxcars full of inmates and pacing SS men. Thus, at the same time we move through space with this tracking shot, we move through time and back into the past as well. *Night and Fog* becomes not a documentary about the camps so much as a meditation on them, a film on the difficulty of thinking about certain events rather than on the events themselves—a film about memory rather than actuality.

In effect all the earlier films mentioned before have been about memory and the relationship of past to present. *Hiroshima* begins with a prologue film, another *Night and Fog* really, about the dropping of the atomic bomb on Japan; and from there it proceeds to a story in which the affair that a French woman has with a Japanese man is deflected by memories it arouses of an earlier love affair she had with a German soldier during World War II. *Muriel* plays off two pairs of lovers and past and present in a similar fashion when a middle-class woman suddenly gets as a house guest an old lover hoping to renew his relationship with her. What these films have in common is not only the disjointed, relativistic quality of the world depicted in them, but Resnais's ability to get such a contradictory, protean world to make sense in the end. In place of the orderliness of conventional reality, he imposed an order all

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his own—an aesthetic order which approached events obliquely because it approached meaning and feeling more directly, and thereby compensated us for any confusion or disorientation it caused.

But *Providence* is not about the past nor about memory. It's about providence, about the future and speculation, fancy, rather than memory. As a result, Clive Langham's thoughts are, though driven by guilt like those of characters in earlier Resnais films, not straitened by inalterable events the way memories are. The suicide of Clive's wife (Elaine Stritch) does loom large in his mind; but since he isn't remembering that event so much as trying to imagine its emotional consequences to other people, he is free to manipulate their lives in his mind. For much of the film he makes his dead wife into his son's mistress, and once or twice he even rewrites scenes whose implications displease him. Thus is the entire film imprisoned in Clive's mind, subject not only to his fantasizing, but to the lapses that pain and old age are causing him as well.

This is why *Providence* turns out to be a lesser film than *Hiroshima* or *Muriel*. Since this film is a character study rather than a philosophical inquiry of Resnais's own, it has to remain true to Clive's mental state. And that state is, though facile and often amusing, also unstable to say the least. The sort of aesthetic ordering which disclosed meaning within the confusion and made past Resnais films great is here inappropriate. Here the point is for the flow of associations to be truly free and rambling. Here it is not only the reality that is interior, but the view of reality as well. Consequently, much of the imagery in the film seems at last to be purely gestural rather than thematic.

Men turn into werewolves, a cadaver is dissected, white wine is drunk almost continuously—but none of these things ever really acquires any meaning. Like everything else in the film, as they are part of the personality of one character, they are essentially histrionic rather than symbolic in nature. Similarly, where society, the collective and public experience, has real counterweight to individual, private experience in *Hiroshima*, in *Providence* the decline of civilization into martial law against which the story is played out can be understood only as a correspondence for the deteriorating health of the film's lone, all-consuming character, Clive. Clive is an engaging old curmudgeon, a genuine dramatic *tour de force*. But Resnais's film-making was far superior in the days when he and his own thoughts were the unseen protagonist of his films.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

ME TARZAN, YOU JANE

BURNE HOGARTH

Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan

IRWIN PORGES

Brigham University Press, $19.95

When Irwin Porges set out to write *Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan,* he admits he had "no concept of the complexity of the project" he had undertaken. There was a warehouse full of material—records, journals, correspondence, and almost uncountable pieces of memorabilia dating back to the turn of the century. In this welter of material Porges was determined to uncover the real flesh-and-blood *man* who had somehow gotten lost in the world's adulation of the exalted, mythic superhero: Tarzan, the Lord of the Jungle. In his writings, even in the biographical data Burroughs himself had sketched from time to time, the *author* had emerged. Porges sets after the *man;* the result is less than the goal.

At a given point Porges drops his objective stance, and ceases to address his subject in the third person singular. *Burroughs,* or *Edgar Rice Burroughs,* disappears from the text reference and *Ed* appears, subtly linked in a consanguine relationship to Porges's psyche. From this point on, the critical detachment loosens. Porges shifts his ground, and the conceptual determination to uncover the real man blurs. The book as mission and biography becomes vulnerable. The texture, the tension and the tautness are slack and loosely-knit in the chronological indiscriminate unfolding of events; and the book, instead of a monument of great power eliciting the insight to a major, mythopoeic mind and its decline, becomes, instead, a monumental, uncritical assemblage, an olio, of a kind.

For one thing, Porges never let us know that Burroughs (Ed, of course) has touched a raw nerve in his own unconscious that is linked to the elemental magma of the universal mythological stuff from which all ideal heroes spring. With Burroughs the act of creation is sublimely innocent; and Tarzan is the dream child of ERB's own fitful yearning. Yet this creation is contemporaneous with every man's secret desire to be liberated from frustration and despair; for even as Tarzan is the anti-hero and the orphan of his three lost worlds—his personal world, his jungle world, his civilized world—so is

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Burroughs the anti-hero and the orphan—and so is every man. Does Porges deal with this? Hardly; instead, we get a table of accounts, records of words written, pages not published, statements of earnings, quibbles over rights, quarrels with editors, publishers, motion picture producers, advances and retreats—not once or twice, but repeatedly, over the years.

Nevertheless, there are times when Porges's book is enormously intriguing. Burroughs, it seems, had a lifelong feeling of inferiority. He is always self-deprecating, sometimes humorously sometimes seriously. For instance, when asked to write an autobiographical sketch for a magazine, he cannot bring himself to spell out some straight facts, though his fame (1932) is worldwide. The account begins: "I am sorry that I have not led a more exciting existence . . . but I am one of those fellows who has few adventures and always gets to the fire after it is out." But then we learn that he was born "in Peking at the time my father was military advisor to the Empress of China"; that he lived in the Forbidden City until he was ten years old; that he was kidnapped by gypsies; that he had been a U.S. cavalryman, cowhand, gold miner, farmer, railroad cop (who tried to enlist with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders)—the while on his way to becoming America's highest paid author and millionaire owner of Tarzana Ranch.

Similarly, we learn that Burroughs was shy, deeply sensitive, terribly self-conscious—as, for instance, over his baldness (hence he was almost never without a hat) and over his uneven front teeth (hence fingers constantly covered mouth). And thus the inevitable questions, again: What kind of man is this? Why should the creator of Tarzan, whose fantasy brain-child is the very essence of undaunted assertiveness and manliness, be such a classic Timid Soul, a Walter Mitty, a Charlie Brown? Is it sufficient to say that Burroughs is self-effacing because he has a "horror of notoriety?"

Or, to probe deeper ground, what does it mean that the figure of Tarzan

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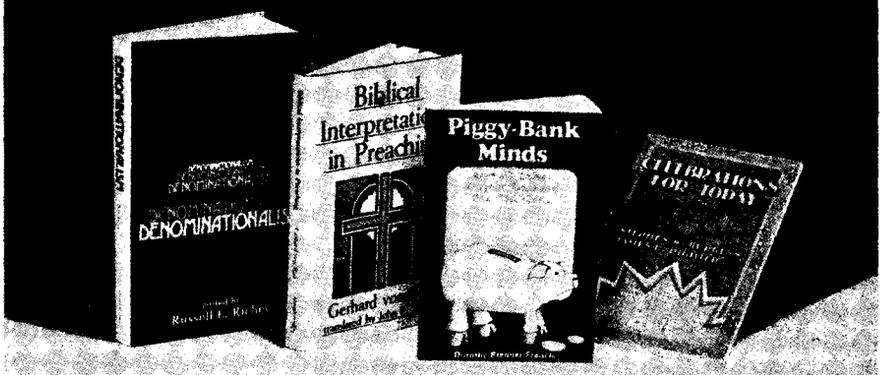

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is an avatar of eternal youth, that in a mythic sense the Lord of the Jungle matures, but *never grows up?* Does this mean, deep underneath, unconsciously, that Burroughs tends to be what Tarzan is, forever young, forever an adolescent? What of that side of him that wishes to divert attention and that indulges in pseudonyms? In Porges's work we get a string of banal attitudes —Burroughs was annoyed, irritated; he displays sarcasm, anger. We never get into the depth of Burrough's mind and heart.

There is something about this book that is like a Cubist *collage;* it hangs together in a series of adjoining planes, like mosaic pieces or vignettes that have no central theme or governing structure. It is an *assemblage,* a sequence of chronological documentation whose compelling concern is detail and corpuscular minutiae like the colorful conjunctures of a map—an interesting, arresting surface; but no topological, physiographic excitement, no sense of drama.

We do not learn what subterranean forces worked on this mundane, prosaic man, Burroughs, to make him write the golden legend of the autochthonous jungle god, the modern epic myth of the daemonic *Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle.* We know Edgar Rice Burroughs was a loser and a loner. We know, too, he was a writer who had an orgiastic need to write, to shape a dream in a wry form of storytelling that is not simply literature, but is the poetic fantasy of fable and folklore. It is narrative pantomime, dramaturgic fiction; it is a kind of *meta*-literature that doesn't fall into the conceived pattern of formal fiction. And that is why, perhaps, Burroughs was so misunderstood, denied and rejected. Burroughs, in truth, wrote mythology. He was an upstart, who, learning to write, shaped a modern myth; and writing, shaped himself. He came a great way, like a long distance swimmer, through a sea of troubles. He was an important writer, and was great in his way, though he never knew it. For, even at the very end, he mistrusted his talents, disparaged his accomplishments, denigrated his education, and denied his value and place even in the face of great rewards, because he felt small against other writers, whose accomplishments and distinctions were immeasurably less than his.

Gate of Heaven
RALPH McINERNY
Harper & Row, $8.95

ROGERSON AT BAY
RALPH McINERNY
Harper & Row, $8.95

DAVID O'CONNELL

American Irish writers tend to be endowed with energy. In giving us his fourth and fifth novels since 1967, Ralph McInerny inscribes his name in a tradition that includes James T. Farrel, who recently published his fiftieth book, John O'Hara, Eugene O'Neill and even F. Scott Fitzgerald. If the latter had not lost his will to live and consumed himself in self-hatred, there is reason to believe that he too would have been as prolific as O'Hara and O'Neill. And then among the younger writers Tom McHale has recently published his fourth novel in about a half-dozen years, George V. Higgins gives us a novel a year, and the as yet largely unheralded but potentially important Thomas Fleming also writes about one book a year, alternating volumes of American history with his series of novels analyzing the Jersey City Irish.

Like Farrell, McInerny is at home in the heartland of America, whose people he knows well. Also, like Farrell, but unlike O'Hara and Fitzgerald of that generation, McInerny feels no guilt, no inferiority about being Irish. In this sense, a McInerny would be inconceivable without a Farrell, for the latter was really the first American Irish writer to boldly declare that the characters who populated his own world —the poolrooms and street corners, the barrooms, barber shops and parochial schools of Chicago's Indiana Avenue— could become the legitimate stuff of important American fiction. They too, Studs Lonigan and his gang, were genuine Americans. Incredibly, to our day not one book length study of Farrell exists—an unfortunate state of affairs indeed, for serious reconsideration of the work of this 1930s anti-Stalinist leftist might well show that he should be ranked right behind O'Neill, our greatest playwright, and Fitzgerald, possibly our greatest novelist.

McInerny is a professor of philosophy at Notre Dame University who has published works of substance in the history of medieval philosophy. But then there is his fictional world, divided into two parts, and each of the novels considered here represents a face of that dichotomized universe. *Rogerson at Bay* (1976), McInerny's fifth novel, continues the life journey of Professor Matthew Rogerson, a rather inept but essentially decent humanities teacher at a state university somewhere in the midwest, whom we first met in *Jolly Rogerson* (1967), McInerny's first novel. *Gate of Heaven,* published last year, was his fourth novel and it shares with *A Narrow Time* (1969) and *The Priest* (1973) the author's concern for chronicling social and spiritual developments in the post-conciliar Church. In these novels McInerny deals more directly with the sacred than the secular and writes in a higher style than in the Rogerson novels. But in both areas his fiction is remarkable for its subtle humor, ease of description, nuance of psychological analysis and warm human sympathy for the individual overwhelmed by circumstances or events in a dramatically changing world.

In *Rogerson at Bay*, the forty-seven-year-old hero is advised by his doctor that if he does not have himself circumcized, he faces a risk of skin cancer in his old age. He thus quietly arranges to have the operation performed while his wife Marge, now a lapsed Catholic (Rogerson himself is a rather scrupulous and somewhat Jansenistic Protestant who had agreed to marry in the Catholic Church), is off on vacation. Later that summer, when a younger, liberated, female faculty colleague invites him over for some free love, he

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brings along a bag of pot, some of which he smokes for the first time. Then, after he finds himself incapable of any kind of erotic performance with his would-be lover, the cops break into the apartment and arrest him for possession of marijuana. Happily, McInerny extricates Rogerson from his predicament by the end of the novel and as we close the book he and his wife, although Marge too has had a kind of affair over the summer, are still married and still coping. In the course of the novel, though, McInerny analyzes cogently the little ghosts that haunt Rogerson in middle age: fear of an early death, lingering erotic cravings, understanding of the fact that most of the goals he had set himself as a young man will not be realized.

In *Gate of Heaven* the battle lines are drawn from the beginning between the young secularly-oriented Father Holt and the older members of the dying, obscure and miniscule order called the Society of Saint Brendan. The Society's ninety-three-year-old founder lies dying, and the retirement home of the order, adjacent to its college, symbolizes the personal clashes involved. In a word, now that the formerly Catholic college has been secularized, will the order's original building, "Little Sem," be torn down to make way for a girls' dormitory? McInerny's response is wisely ambivalent for he well knows that there are many roles to be played in doing the Lord's work and innumerable points of view, often in conflict with each other although all having a degree of validity, about the best way to achieve a spiritual end in a materialistic world. At the close of the novel, with the future beckoning to all the antagonists in the internecine dispute, the author acknowledges that this small order is doomed to extinction. There are no longer men being recruited and the older ones will soon be taking their places in the community cemetery: "Had they given their lives to a failed hope? And what would success have been? We have here no lasting city. Even if the society, the nation, mankind were not endangered, each individual must die, and if death

"A splendid book...the tensions and triumphs of his life as he must have felt them."
—ANNE FREMANTLE

TEILHARD

The Man, The Priest, The Scientist

A Biography by Mary Lukas and Ellen Lukas

This long-awaited biography affords a rare view of the priest and scientist who experienced adventure such as few men will ever know. Teilhard de Chardin trekked through Asian deserts to the Himalayas, dug for clues to man's ancestry in Africa, survived both the Japanese and the Communists in war-torn China and aided in the discovery of the several-million-year-old Peking Man. As philosopher, he fused Catholic doctrine and evolutionary theory into a blinding vision of mankind growing toward a universal unity, for which he was silenced and exiled by the Church he sought only to serve.

But this running controversy with the Church forms just part of an inspiring and appealing life story. In TEILHARD, Mary Lukas and Ellen Lukas probe the *man* behind the vision — a Teilhard de Chardin no one has divulged before — revealing new and unique insights into his personal life, his successes and disappointments, his important scientific discoveries.

"A sympathetic, moving but always clear-eyed study of a highly complex character, a priest who wore his religious profession like a hair shirt, a celibate who mourned the women he had disappointed, a philosopher who understood the oneness of things but could never resolve the confusions in himself. Sincerest compliments to Mary and Ellen Lukas."—Morris West

"A beautiful book about a lovely man."—Robert K. Massie

"Teilhard's story is masterfully told: there is a fine balance of narrative summary and telling detail; the mass of supporting research is blended in unobtrusively; and the grandeur, pathos, and even suspense of his lifelong struggles are forcefully evoked." — *The Kirkus Reviews*

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is failure no one can succeed. . . . The living write a story unreadable to them, entering and exiting without knowledge of the ultimate script. It does not matter."

Our age is quite possibly the most tumultuous and creative that the Church has experienced since the Renaissance and Reformation. With the honesty, dedication and powers of observation of a medieval chronicler, McInerny, in his novels, is recording contemporary history from within and his prime concern is with what it means to be a Christian in America today. A gifted and intelligent craftsman, he tells his stories convincingly and with a consistent point of view. Stated another way, his main interest is the relationship of the individual, caught on the shifting sands of sensate and materialistic American life, to the solid rock of ultimate concern. There is really no larger or more important question that a novelist can dare to examine and McInerny has the requisite courage. One can only hope that his novels will reach a wider audience in the future.

Religion and Alienation

GREGORY BAUM

Paulist Press, $6.95

Journeys

EDITED by GREGORY BAUM

Paulist Press, $6.95

DOROTHY DOHEN

Gregory Baum shares an interest in two relationships with many scholars and college professors today. They are, firstly, the relationship of the social sciences to theology and philosophy, and, secondly, the relationship of scholarly pursuits to personal biography or life experience. However, in spite of all the interest expressed in interdisciplinary studies and in bringing together the objective and subjective factors involved in scholarly work, few writers have indicated as successfully as Baum does in these two books how these two relationships can be achieved.

In the first book, which is sub-titled *A Theological Reading of Sociology,* Baum is concerned with introducing the student of theology to sociology. He writes out of his own conviction that sociology—especially the work of the classic sociologists of the nineteenth and early twentieth century—has a great deal to offer theologians, not only in sharing humanistic concerns, in providing insights about social reality, in offering concepts useful for theological as well as sociological investigation, but also—most importantly—in providing a perspective on the relationship between mind and society "that actually modifies the very meaning of philosophy and theology."

Baum defends this bold claim by analyzing in the first part of the book the thought of, among others, Marx, Toennes, Durkheim, Weber, Mannheim and Freud. Especially is he concerned with the issues that are usually discussed today under the heading of the sociology of religion. In this reviewer's opinion he presents the classical tradition with marvelous lucidity, makes his own contribution to the clarification of sociological questions by not shrinking from criticizing these theorists on their own terms, and brings the classical tradition up-to-date by applying it to current investigations in religion, particularly the problem of religion in a post-modern world of alienated human beings.

In the second part of *Religion and Alienation* Baum looks at current theology and attempts to use the sociological tradition to comment upon it. His own concern that religion be a means to promote social change is seen in his discussion of critical theology ("the critical application of the various theories of alienation to the self-understanding in faith of the Christian Church"). Baum, convinced that dogma has in the past frequently become "ideology," and in spite of the good intentions of theologians a defense of the status quo, urges theologians to submit "the structural consequences of dogma to the revealed norms of the gospel." This means to him that theologians have to see the social dimensions of sin, identify themselves with movements of the oppressed, and interpret the Christian teaching on the coming of the kingdom in such a way that it no longer inhibits social change but promotes action for the liberation of the human community.

Obviously not every sociologist is going to agree with Baum's interpretation of the classical thinkers. I for one do not think he does full justice to the possibilities of future prophetic breakthroughs in the thinking of Max Weber. Theologians other than Baum with different agendas are going to give a different "theological reading" to the same sociological theorists. But for me what is important is that they read them. I shall be happy if Baum's book gives them the challenge to do so. I should voice my concern lest this book given to people (including theologians) unfamiliar with sociology might make them feel that they now know what sociologists have to offer and do not have to read them on their own. I am sure that this would be an unintended consequence of his work which Baum also would deplore.

If Baum's first volume can be construed as revolving around the basic question posed for theology by the sociology of knowledge (how theology as a social enterprise is a reflection of the society which produced it), his second volume can be seen as a work in the *psychology of knowledge,* investigating how the individual became interested in the study of theology.

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REVIEWERS

BURNE HOGARTH, artist and author, was for many years the illustrator of the Tarzan comic strip. He has had two major exhibitions at the Museum of Decorative Arts of the Louvre in Paris.

DAVID O'CONNELL teaches French at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

DOROTHY DOHEN is a professor of sociology at Fordham University.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN is associate professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

FATHER RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, S.J., is associate editor of *Commonweal.*

MICHAEL F. MCCAULEY is the author of *A Contemporary Meditation on Doubting.*

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The choice of theological questions and the methods employed have a personal aspect as well as a social one. In *Journeys* we have the reflections of ten Catholic scholars who discuss how their life stories relate to their theology (or, as in the case of historian David O'Brien, to their scholarly research into Catholic life). The individual essayists are more or less successful in meeting the task Baum set for them. Eulalio Baltazar's essay is almost totally concerned with his intellectual odyssey and has very little about his extra-mental life. Gabriel Moran's is almost wholly concerned with his personal experiences and very little with the thought produced. There are a couple of essays which set my teeth on edge. I am not sure this is because I the reviewer have eaten sour grapes or because their authors have. And this brings me to the reflection that there is a psychology of reviewing as well as a psychology of knowledge, and that a large element of both concerns the unconscious. Some of the essayists do not seem to recognize this, although Baum who writes in the perspective of his own experience of psychotherapy certainly does; as also does Charles Curran who explicitly recognizes the limits of the conscious sources of his theologizing in an essay marked by modesty and geniality.

Two essays I liked especially were Richard P. McBrien's—possibly because of a common enthusiasm for the work of Yves Congar, Peter Berger and Dietrich Bonhoeffer—and Monika Hellwig's, which faithfully relates the events of her life to her interest in theology. I do not think the fascination of her essay is simply because she has had externally a more interesting life than the other contributors. Of Catholic birth but with Jewish ancestry, forced when still a child to leave her native Germany, to spend time in the Netherlands before taking up quite unchildlike burdens in the British Isles, she celebrates the richness of her religious heritage:

"My experience seems to me to have had the following outcomes. First, paradoxically, I have a far greater sense of stability in my life, my values, and in my association with institutional structures, including those of the Church, than most of my American friends appear to have. I am quite sure that the cumulative wisdom of the ages in my own tradition is an adequate base for creative solutions to our problems today. I am equally convinced that without recourse to the cumulative wisdom of one's tradition, one cannot be creative. I also believe one must be very much steeped in tradition to be at all innovative.

"Secondly, I am deeply convinced that the traditional wisdom is not based primarily on purely intellectual connections. When I reflect on my own experience I am aware that although I am in many respects a 'head person' . . . I was born from the womb of sculpture and music and fairy tale, and my head has always had much deeper levels of tradition to draw upon than the purely intellectual. . . ."

Anthony Padovano's essay gives an

MERCY COLLEGE honors DOROTHY DAY

The Catholic Worker Movement, founded by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, has touched the lives of men and women of good will for over 40 years. Its radical concern for non-violence, poverty, and interracial justice remains a challenge today.

Mercy College Lecture Hall, Wednesday, March 23
Admission Free

12:15 p.m. Stanley Vishnewski, of the Catholic Worker, will present a slide show on the history of the Catholic Worker. **Tom Cornell,** of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, will lead discussion and question period.

2:30 p.m. Panel Discussion—The Vision of the Catholic Worker: What does it mean for today?

- **Garry Wills,** columnist, author of Bare Ruined Choirs, Nixon Agonistes, etc.
- **Abigail McCarthy,** columnist, author of Private Faces / Public Places
- **Daniel Berrigan, S.J.,** author of Prison Poems, and other volumes of prose and poetry, and of the play, The Trial of the Catonsville 9
- **Stewart Meacham,** American Friends Service Committee
- **Arthur Cohen,** novelist and theologian, author of In the Days of Simon Stern and The Natural and Supernatural Jew
- **Eileen Egan,** American Pax Christi Association, Associate Editor, Catholic Worker
- **Peter Steinfels,** Commonweal columnist; editorial director, Institute for Social Ethics and the Life Sciences, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

5:00 p.m. Dorothy Day is expected to receive the medal of Mercy College for distinguished service to the community.

6:00 p.m. A light supper will be served in the adjoining cafeteria for panelists and friends of Dorothy Day. Tickets available on request.

The Mercy College Committee to honor Dorothy Day is using the occasion to solicit funds for the **New York Women's Shelter** run by the Catholic Worker. Donations will be accepted by the Committee; checks should be made out to The Catholic Worker.

For further information, please call:
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The Nuclear Arms Race — A ticket to hell

Special issue editor: Sidney Lens

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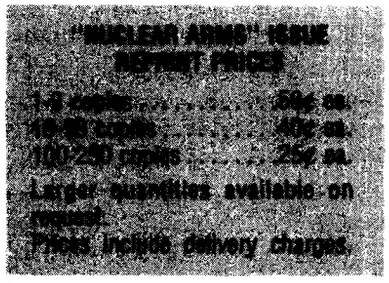

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insight which other theologians, too, may have learned from their life experience: "A theologian is never any good at his work until he realizes how unimportant it is and how dispensable he may be. One's dispensability makes him courageous, less frightened to risk himself, convinced that God counteracts foolishness and the wisdom of the community will not allow mistakes to flourish. Courage never comes from a conviction of strength but from an awareness of weakness."

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JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

For the political philosopher or theorist whose own work is informed by the relentless honesty and compelling brilliance of Freud's psychoanalytic theory, it is always something of a surprise to find Freud criticized, revised, or rejected by those working within his tradition for many of the qualities of his work one finds to be among its major strengths. The questions then arise: Are we philosophers and theorists hopelessly behind the times? Or are the 'post' or 'neo' Freudian revisionists, in many of their attempts to bring Freud "up-to-date," capitulating to that pragmatic eclecticism which vitiates social theory in America? The answer, I fear, is, in the case of the books under consideration, the latter; thus my review shall concentrate upon those points at which both Farber and Lifton, in departing from Freud, have lost a grounding for their own enterprise. By substituting such weak or misleading concepts as "will" (Farber) and "an inchoate image" (Lifton) neither offers a coherent alternative logic of explanation.

Let me state first that I find much of value in both books. Farber, when he isn't busy explicating a notion of the will which destroys depth psychology, writes with considerable grace about the "sexual revolution" with its "abstraction, objectification, and idealization of the female orgasm," cinematic pornography, real "talk" between men and women, the dynamics of jealousy, and the texture of a "family reunion." Lifton, a man of conscience long associated with the anti-war and anti-nuclear weapons movements, has written sensitively about the survivors of Hiroshima and the Vietnam War.

Farber begins his discussion of 'the will' (six of the thirteen essays in this collection appeared previously in a volume entitled *The Ways of the Will*) with a rejection of Freud's libido theory and its emphasis on sexuality as a set of ideas "nicely appropriate to the fussiness surrounding the subject at the turn of the century in Western Europe." This puts the reader on notice that we, presumably, are no longer "fussy" on the subject. It also means that we are on the shaky terrain of an epistemological relativism, for to tie ideas totally to the historic milieu within which they emerged is to deny the possibility of objective truth.

Farber's revisions of psychoanalysis have taken him *via* a phenomenological-existentialist route to a stress upon the "will" as that "category through which we examine that portion of our life which is the mover of our life in a direction or toward an objective in time." This is fuzzy enough but Farber muddies the waters further by separating will into two "realms," the unself-conscious or unconscious will ("wedded to our faculties") and the conscious will which "becomes conscious if we are conscious of our willing." Farber's two wills turn on a split into the psychical and physical, a dualism Freud rejected totally.

"Will," for Farber, is an objectified agent of motion. In the first realm it is so tied to our "motor possibilities" that it lacks direction and a particular object and is thus declared, by Farber, to be "free." In the second realm, will "moves us toward a particular ob-

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jective" and becomes "utilitarian."

I haven't the space in which to unpack this muddle, but several points must be made. First, to call the sphere in which we unthinkingly "move" (or are "moved") the realm of "freedom" is to confound the understanding of the term in philosophical and ordinary discourse. For surely freedom must be tied to human intentions, motives, and purposes. By backing away from this understanding of freedom, Farber cuts the conceptual heart out of psychoanalytic theory. This becomes clearer with Farber's tendency to place hysterics, schizophrenics, and suicides in a position of bad faith. Farber would account for "much of the behavior" of deeply troubled persons by labeling them perversely obstinate. Hysteria becomes "a particular order of will whose principal expression is willfulness." The behavior of a schizophrenic young man is depicted by Farber as a "contemptuous and willful bit of self-assertion."

Farber's view is indefensible if one holds to the possibility of powerful repressed (and thus unconscious) motives and subsequent symptom-formation. To deny this possibility does not represent an advance—it is a regression to the pre-Freudian view that hysterics were malingerers who willed their own suffering.

Lifton, like Farber, rejects much of Freud including what he sees as Freud's inability to grasp the spiritual significance of certain symbols, his psychic determinism, his attitude toward death, his mechanistic libido theory, his insistence on a "sharp dichotomy" between the irrational and rational, and his "profoundly conservative theory of human nature." I shall argue that Lifton has seriously misunderstood the Freudian enterprise. Freud often serves as a straw man to Lifton's articulation of an "alternative" which turns out to be a return to a version of nineteenth century vitalism, the notion that one must introduce some "special force" poised towards vitality, spirituality, and wholeness into scientific discourse in order to account for the phenomenon of living matter, particularly man.

I shall take up briefly only three dimensions of Lifton's critique of Freud. First, Lifton accuses Freud of being positivistic and mechanistic. He wants a "nondeterministic, non-Positivist, teleological theory. . ." If by 'positivism' Lifton means an empiricist theory of knowledge combined with a methodology which stresses verification, proof, and nonfalsifiability, it is clear that Freud was no positivist. Although Freud always stressed the importance of empirical evidence this is not synonymous with adopting an empiricist epistemology which denies an inner-outer dialectic. Freud insisted that philosophy "goes astray in its method by overestimating the epistemological value of our logical operations and by not accepting other sources of knowledge such as intuition."

Freud was also critical of the mechanistic theories of his day in which consciousness became no more "than an appendange added to physiologico-psychical processes. . ." Yet Lifton finds Freud's mechanism in the "sharp dichotomy" ("very much in the spirit of Descartes") which Freud saw between the rational and irrational and primary and secondary mental processes. But this is not Freud's view. Freud's theory of mind-body unity is thoroughly at odds with Cartesian rationalism which does sunder mind from body and reason from emotion.

Finally, what Lifton calls Freud's "profoundly conservative" view of human nature can be more accurately seen as Freud's insistence that the social reformer and revolutionary had a moral, rational, and political obligation to distinguish that which could be changed from that which could not. He observed that many movements for, or experiments in, social transformation fell either into chaos or tyranny because of their utopian and naive disregard of the limitations of human bodies and the force of human history.

Now it is true that nobody likes to think about these matters—particularly those committed to social change; thus what is called his pessimism often turns out to be uneasiness with his unflinching articulation of limits. The theorist

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who would revise or disagree with Freud's understanding of the nature and scope of these limits must begin by being clear about Freud's own view and then go on to develop convincing counter-arguments. Lifton does not do this. Instead he finds some innate tendency or direction present in the human organism from the start geared towards an "interpretive anticipation of interaction with the environment." He would create "forms of revitalization" that include "modes of symbolic immortality." We live, he believes, in an age which is both "numbing" and "Protean."

Lifton's notion of the "Protean man" —first articulated during the countercultural hey-day of the 1960's—is an experimenter who refuses to get trapped, stifled and shrunk down-to-size in old roles, habits, and patterns, who would live with spontaneity and expressiveness. He is quite a remarkable creature for "within a single generaton" this Proteanism has eclipsed the American tough-guy male ideal and replaced—with that of the "gentle, open, noncombative, physically unimpressive, soft," etc. "sexually casual self-explorer." Once again, Lifton ignores the problems of ethnicity and class. His Protean man was always an image compelling to the relatively privileged in an age of affluence. It rings increasingly hollow in the 1970s as it lacks a firm grasp of current realities for the vast majority of Americans who haven't the opportunity to be Protean should they somehow desire it.

Lifton's proposed conceptual alterations of psychoanalytic theory push psychology in the direction of adopting what Freud termed a "fresh idealistic misconception of human nature," an accentuation of the positive which expunges from view what Joel Kovel has called one of Freud's central insights "without which any social critique becomes banal, if not reactionary: that there is an established order of things which keeps itself in power by falsifying the truth and causing it to be repressed." One does not find power, oppression and exploitation among Lifton's terms of discourse. Instead he promotes the notion of a kind of meta-egalitarianism in which we all alike experience a shared malaise. Citing Kurt Vonnegut's epitaph for Billy Pilgrim, "EVERYTHING WAS BEAUTIFUL AND NOTHING HURT," Lifton argues that the "little tombstone" contains "the epitaphs . . . of Billy, Vonnegut, Nixon, all of us—the tombstone of all who half-live in our present age of numbing." But this is surely another variant on that phony equality existentialists have always celebrated. Not all human beings suffer alike. Not all of us experience the same misery, defeat, and degradation. We are not all equally benumbed and it is fraudulent to say so. Lifton's view can only promote an insouciant disregard of the *reality on this earth* of the problems of class and race privilege.

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IN BRIEF

THE ARABS, ISRAELIS, AND KISSINGER: A SECRET HISTORY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE MIDDLE EAST, *by Edward R. F. Sheehan, Reader's Digest Press, $8.95*

Here is an exemplary work of political-historical journalism by a shrewd and lively analyst who has combined original research and personal experience to produce an entertaining—and sometimes frightening—account of Henry Kissinger's attempt to both inflate and live-up-to the myth of Shuttling Super-K. Sheehan gives Kissinger credit for his unique brilliance and for the interim, "patched-up" peace he accomplished by flying sleeplessly back and forth among Anwar Sadat, Hafez Assad, King Faisal, King Hussein, Golda Meir and the exasperating Yitzhak Rabin while, at home, the Nixon administration was being washed down the Watergate drain. But Sheehan, who considers himself primarily a dramatist although he is now a Research Fellow at the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, is convinced that Kissinger was both too narrow and too cautious from the beginning in what he attempted to accomplish—particularly since the Palestinian problem was ignored. He feels that the final settlement must require Israel to withdraw to its 1967 frontiers, including a demilitarization of the Golan Heights, in exchange for guarantees for its security.

One of the book's most effective passages is its condemnation of terrorism, specifically (in a footnote) the Israeli retaliatory terror bombings of Lebanese towns and Palestinian refugee camps with American planes. The other memorable passages depict an obnoxious Kissinger lecturing those impatient with his method that, after all, it took him four years to bring peace to Vietnam. By the end of the book his Vietnam peace is down the drain as well.

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

LETTERS TO A SOUL, *by Hubert van Zeller, Templegate, $7.95.*

This little packet of letters to an unnamed young friend who has left the monastery portrays Van Zeller at his best. He offers practical, solid spiritual advice on such problems as challenges to faith and difficulties with prayer—even his correspondent's involvement with a married woman. It may shock some to learn that Dom Hubert has, "since about the age of six, never enjoyed life—and would never wish for one single day of it back." Yet it is precisely this no-nonsense, perhaps

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even crotchety, approach—edged with compassion and understanding—that makes Van Zeller's writing a welcome relief from the limp-wristed, inane spirituality of the not-too-distant past.

MICHAEL F. MCCAULEY

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

ple seem to be saying: 'No, you mustn't go here, you mustn't go there; you'll be excommunicated.' *There's no respect for us poor wretched women anywhere.* And yet you'll find the love of God much commoner among women than among men, and the women at the Crucifixion showed much more courage than the Apostles, exposing themselves to insult, and wiping our Lord's face. I suppose he lets us share the neglect he himself chose for his lot on earth; in heaven, where the last will be first, we shall know more about what God thinks. . . ."

"What God thinks"—she didn't think that was settled in Italy! She thought of herself as having *many* vocations; the priesthood included: "And at the same time I want to be a priest; how lovingly I'd carry you in my hands when you came down from heaven at my call; how lovingly I'd bestow you upon men's souls!" She loved to take the lead in the convent celebration of Divine Office; then she felt that she came closest to the actions of a priest. She did not feel it unseemly to expostulate with the Lord about the unfairness of the priesthood being withheld from women. She was not convinced that it was his will. She did not think they had the wrong bodies for the calling. And at least once, when she went to Italy before she entered Carmel, she acted on the premise that women should not accept second place in all things. "Anyhow, on this pilgrimage, I was determined to be first here and now, without waiting until I got to heaven . . . I remember visiting a house of Carmelite friars . . . I made my way boldly to the central cloisters." A small step. And no great theological discussions. But at the end of her brief days, on her way to find out what God thought, she let the words stand for us to make of them what we could. A saint for our times. A patron for those taking further steps—preparing for what *will* come.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 163)

from old centuries into the present, for joy in great writings.

He introduced us to *Commonweal.* Periodicals in church vestibules had never been like this. The student body was small then but some of our subscriptions from that date are still going. It is more than likely that a number of other subscribers now are the grown children and grandchildren of fortunate students who studied with George Nauman Shuster.

MARJORIE MURPHY
Class of '29

The Non-Voters

Saint Paul, Minn.

To the Editors: I support strongly Abigail McCarthy's call for "universal simplified voter registration" ["The Apathetic Voter"—Feb. 18] as one way of increasing voter participation in American presidential elections. However, her statistical comparison of non-voters and voters is seriously inaccurate.

In 1976 approximately eighty million Americans voted for president—79.6 million for Carter, Ford, McCarthy and Maddox. With about seventy million eligible voters not going to the polls, there was about .87 non-voter to every voter—not "three non-voters for every voter" as Ms. McCarthy stated.

I would think that she intended to say that there were nearly two non-voters for *every person that voted for Jimmy Carter.*

CHARLES J. O'FAHEY

P.S. Official figures:

Carter	40,274,975
Ford	38,530,614
McCarthy	657,549
Maddox	168,714
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